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BED-ROOM AND DRESSING-ROOM APPOINTMENTS, modern and antique, also French styles, including fine old QUEEN ANNE DESIGN WALNUT DRESSING TABLES FROM £8 10s.; WARDROBES OF QUEEN ANNE STYLE IN WALNUT WOOD, £27 10s. TOILET MIRRORS IN WALNUT, £6 10s. WELL-MADE PRETTY DESIGN, COMPLETE SUITES, OFFERED COMPLETE AT 10 GUINEAS. Complete bedroom suites, Waxed Oak, are being offered at the absurdly low price of 15 guineas, COMPLETE SUITE IN RICH DARK MAHOGANY 26 guineas. An ELEGANT COMPLETE SUITE OF CHIPPENDALE DESIGN, £37 10s. HAND-PAINTED SATINWOOD AND SILVER ASH SUITES from 85 guineas upwards.

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SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS. SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 37s. 6d. each. Small-size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, with loose feather cushion seats, 65s. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS FROM £4 17s. 6d. to 12 gs. Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, £5 17s. 6d. to 25 gs.

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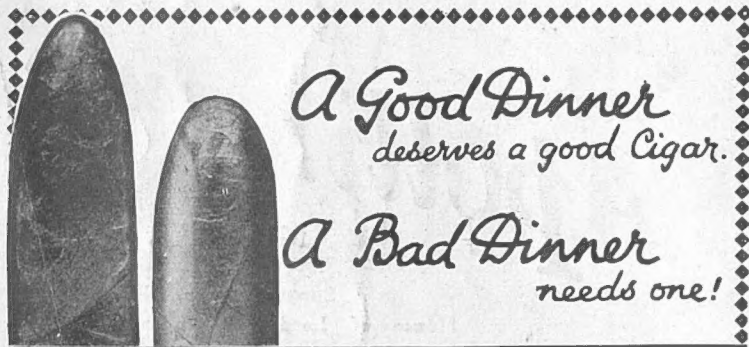
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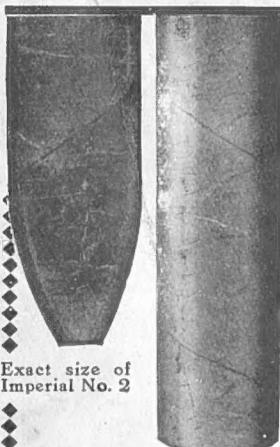
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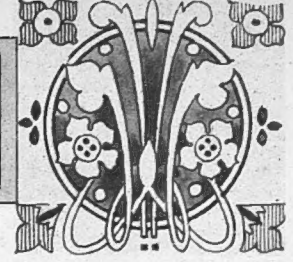
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THE SKETCH



No. 1497—Vol. CXVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1921.

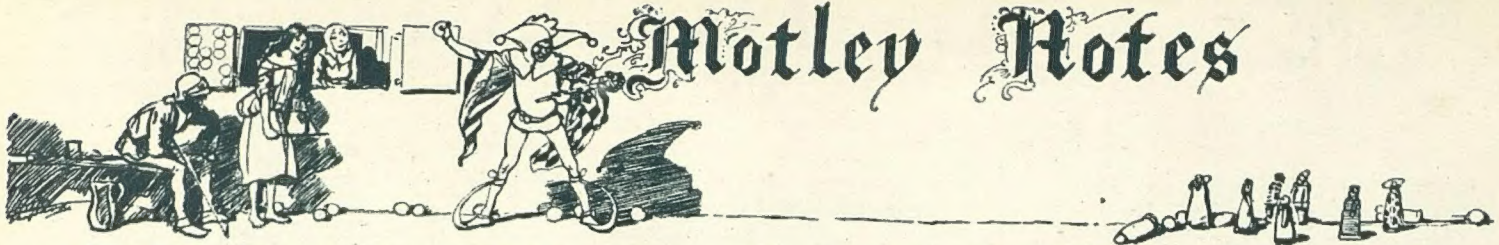
ONE SHILLING.



IN THE PRIVATE ROOM OF A DOUBTFUL RESTAURANT: MISS GLADYS COOPER AS ANN HUNNIWELL
IN "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR."

Miss Gladys Cooper is here shown as she appears in the Prologue of "The Sign on the Door," the play which is drawing full houses every night at the Playhouse. In her character of Ann Hunniwell, a very

innocent stenographer, she has been lured to a private room in a restaurant of decidedly bad reputation by the rascally son of her employer.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Company.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Solitude.

The day was a Sunday. From early morning to about seven o'clock in the evening the sun shone with the brilliance and intensity of June. During the most splendid part of this day a solitary person played golf—and had the links to himself.

You will imagine, no doubt, that he was playing in the Outer Hebrides. Not at all. The links in question are little more than fifty miles from London. They are well known. A Distinguished Visitor honoured them by playing a round each day on the occasion of his recent health holiday. They run from within a few hundred yards of the English Channel right into the heart of the South Downs.

How came it, then, that one player had this sought-after space to himself for two hours or so of a glorious September day? I will tell you. I like to share sequels—when they are not sad sequels—with my readers. He had the links to himself because everybody else, in conformity with a long-established English custom, was eating roast beef and boiled potatoes.

If the English differ on many subjects, they are unanimous on this: at one o'clock on Sunday, be the weather what it may, they must all go indoors and eat roast beef and boiled potatoes.

The Sampler.

When I was very small, I used to read with much wondering and searching of heart a sampler that hung in a certain bed-room of a country vicarage. You may have seen a similar sampler. It ran as follows—

LOST

Somewhere Between Sunrise
and Sunset

TWO GOLDEN HOURS

Each Set With
Sixty Diamond Minutes.

NO REWARD IS
OFFERED

For They Are
LOST FOR EVER.

I commend the lesson of that sampler to the millions who complain that the summer is so short and the winter so long. People who sit indoors eating hot roast beef on such days as we are being blessed with at the moment of writing deserve little pity if they find the summer gone before they realise that it is here. Even city dwellers have their gardens, or their parks, or some open space near at hand. Better a sandwich and a bottle of cider in the sunshine than a roast ox and stuffing therewith.

The Indoor Life.

But the English, I fear, are hopelessly wedded to an indoor life. To take a meal in the open, save in the sultriest of weather, is looked upon as the act of an eccentric, if not a madman. Visit any seaside town you like, and I warrant that you will find the beach and the parade almost wholly deserted in the middle hours of the day. Where are the multitudes? Gone home to lunch or dinner, as the case may be. Gone back to crowded hotels, or stuffy boarding-houses, or dismal rooms, to eat and drink more than is good for them, instead of being content with an al-fresco meal and a cigarette until the cool of the evening.

What they do all the year round they must also do whilst on holiday. Convention is too strong for them. There is no more con-

vention-ridden country in the world than England. Even the people who profess unconventionality, who desire to be considered very daring and original, are merely unconventional in a conventional way. The most unconventional thing possible for any English person is to be simple and natural. But to be simple and natural, although not one person in a thousand attempts it, has somehow come to be looked upon as the mark of an inferior creature. So the fashionable thing is to be "smart," and it follows, as night the day, that smartness and conventionality go hand-in-hand.

Points of View.

I am often thinking of the things children should be taught in schools in place of subjects that occupy far too much time. (The average schoolmaster maps out the day into hours. An hour for this, an hour for that, an hour for the other. Why an hour? Children cannot concentrate on one subject unless the subject is very fascinating, or *made* very fascinating, for a whole hour. Half-hours would be better; twenty minutes better still. But we digress.)

I should like children to be taught to look for the other fellow's point of view. I would make a sort of game of it. I would select an incident, as striking as you like, and then get them to regard this incident from the points of view of a widely diversified number of people. What would your father think of it? Your mother? Your aunt? Your uncle? Your cousin James?

And make them write the answers as fully as possible.

They would thus unconsciously form the habit of looking at any question that arose from all points of view, and many misunderstandings would consequently be avoided. Nothing is more fatal to progress than misunderstanding. It is the cause of nearly every estrangement, nearly every broken friendship, and many a bloody war.

However, this is getting serious—an impertinence in a mere jester.



THE LEADING SPIRIT OF THE CHAUVESOURIS: JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE'S FANTASTIC PORTRAIT OF M. BALIEFF.

Everyone who has been to the Chauve-Souris performances remembers the inimitable M. Balieff, and how he comes before every item and explains what it is all going to be about, in the most delightful broken English imaginable. M. De Bosschère has here depicted him pulling the strings of the puppets, who will be recognised as some of the very clever actresses and actors in their various parts. The season has been prolonged till the 8th at the Pavilion, and then the show will be transferred to the Apollo.

From the Drawing by Jean de Bosschère.

Golf, Games, and an English Agricultural Show.



GOLFING AT GLENEAGLES: THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.



AT THE ROMNEY MARSH SHOW: LORD AND LADY GUILFORD.



TAKING HER CAIRNS FOR A STROLL ON THE LINKS: LADY GAINFORD.



AT THE INVERNESS MEETING: LORD DUNMORE AND LADY MARJORIE MURRAY.



GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK: LORD TWEEDDALE.



AT THE INVERNESS MEETING: MR. A. GRANT AND MISS LIDDELL.



LORD ISLINGTON'S DAUGHTER: THE HON. JOAN POYNDER.



"SNAPPED" AT NORTH BERWICK: CAPTAIN AND MRS. LEIGH.



WITH CAPTAIN THE HON. CHARLES WINN: THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON.

In spite of rival attractions, such as races and various shows, golfing more than holds its own, and the courses at Gleneagles and North Berwick are crowded with well-known people. Lady Ancaster is at the former resort; and North Berwick is favoured by the Hon. Joan Poynder, the only child of Lord and Lady Islington; Lady Gainford;

Lord Tweeddale; Captain and Mrs. Leigh; the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, daughter of Sir David Kinloch and wife of Lord Grantley's heir, and many others.—The Inverness Games were exceptionally well attended, and the stands were filled by fashionable throngs in the afternoons.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Balmain; others by Sport and General.

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

A GREAT time is before me!
I do not know whether it will be for the good of my soul. . . . I do not know whether it will make for the modesty of my mind. . . . I am only certain that it will re-establish me on the pinnacle I stepped down from some seven years ago.



1. Angela is just starting off on a new motor-cycle she has, to keep an assignation with her latest young man, who is staying at a little "pub." in the locality. They mean to have a most romantic dinner and walk in the moonlight.

Seven years ago poetry was written about my ears. It was not very good poetry, but the poet meant it to be. He first saw me in profile at a dinner-party. It was before the new modesty decreed that women's ears must be hidden. He sat staring without saying much, and he went home and wrote one sonnet, two *rondeaux*, and thirteen lines of blank verse all about my ears. Which was taking the right one entirely for granted, as he never even caught a glimpse of that.

The cold world will never realise what the tragedy of the last seven years has been to me. I cheered myself up at irregular intervals by reading that poetry. Sometimes, in the seclusion of my own bed-room, behind locked doors, I indulged in a hand-mirror and a reminder that they were both still there. Indeed, even the war has not left its mark on their shell-like curves, as it has done on more mobile features. Mouths harden, noses grow, eyes droop, chins multiply, cheeks lose their pristine rose, but none of these things happen to ears. My own beauties will now gladden the earth once more, ready to burn with self-consciousness and proud acquiescence in the approval of neighbouring eyes. It may seem a small thing to mere men, whose own auricular organ is never anything but utilitarian. . . . It may seem, and indeed *be*, a tragic event in the life of the large-eared, or the rabbit-eared, or to the possessors of ears like boiled crustaceans, this sudden decree of fashion. It will certainly mean a new kind of hat, and a new poise of the head, and, for all I know, an entire new kind of heart-ache when Society has rearranged its scheduled opinions. Some of our most be-photographed beauties may now slip back into the obscurity necessary to forget the cruelty of parents in bequeathing living illustrations of Little Red Riding Hood's bogus grandmother's "long ears to hear you with."

And I—who knows?—I may yet see my own photograph in this paper as "One of the Well-Known Beauties of To-Day." Already the idea makes me feel brilliant. There is nothing so successful as

success: give a woman a *name* for being beautiful, and leave the rest to—is it God or the Devil? Anyhow, to sheep-like Society that will accept her at fashion's valuation. Quite half the well-known beauties will now have to choose between two evils: they must either be *démodées* and continue covering their ears, or they must reveal them and thereby lose the mysterious power that kept them on pinnacles.

It wasn't only bad *ears* those bits of soft fluffy hair camouflaged so cleverly. It was badly shaped cheeks and temples. It was the too generously modelled nose, and the protruding chin, and the receding forehead. All these defects were immeasurably softened by the shadows of hair. Now only the classical will have a chance—the small-headed, small-faced, small-featured beauty, whose hair is a feature, but not the only one.

What earthly chance will — have, or —, or even —? (And the reader can fill in all the blanks for herself.) We have paid those friendly hair-brushing visits to each other's bed-rooms. We know the worst. It is men who will get the shock. And very young women whose hair was down their backs seven years ago.

And I—before many moons—I may have a new lot of sonnets. I am curious to know how young bridegrooms will take it—men who have been married a year or two, perhaps, without even a glimpse of the loved one's ears. And I am curious to see what will be the effect on the bobbed-haired. Almost it will be for some like the mirage of spring—that wistful, wraithful, sad, glad time in early autumn, when the earth takes on the signs and symbols of promise—when evening primroses glow in the green grass, and the garden is all yellow with Californian poppies; and though you are on the brink of winter, almost you would swear it was summer; and though youth is waning, the triumph of youth feels at its zenith, the gleaming time almost come, the fulfilment of all dreaming all but within your grasp. An unnecessary peroration, perhaps. . . . But it is what I feel about this great change in personal appearance. It *does* alter you radically, one way or another. And any change is bound to send one on to winter with a quickened pulse and an expectant



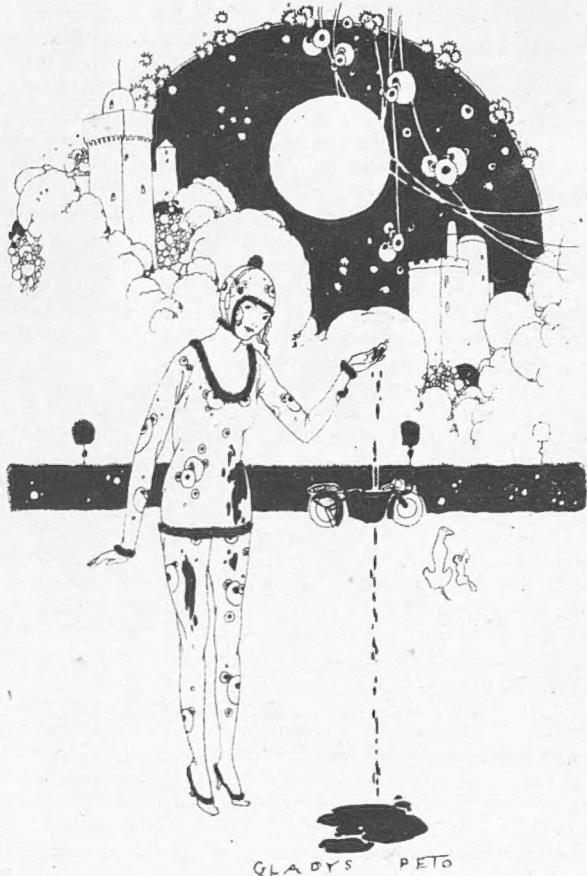
2. But the motor-cycle soon breaks down entirely. Angela imagines some obscure engine trouble, and waits for some chivalrous passer-by to arrange matters. After some hours a local octogenarian passes and suggests that engines go much better with some petrol in the tank. Meanwhile the sun slips behind the distant hills.

throb, and an indefinable hope of almost anything surprisingly beautiful happening to you.

But Mrs. Arthur Ellis, who has just married Prince Mohammed Dalaeddin Mahmoud, a brother of the ex-Khedive of Egypt, and nephew of the present Sultan, has not yet disclosed to us *her* ears.

A friend of mine saw Count de la Chapelle just after the ceremony (he was best man) and heard that the bride looked very charming in a brown tailor-made dress, with beautiful sables, and one of the new three-cornered brown velvet hats. They have gone to the home of the ex-Khedive, in Switzerland, for their honeymoon, but will soon return to England, where they mean to live for the most part.

Another interesting wedding will be that of Mr. Robert Munro, K.C., M.P., the present Secretary for Scotland, which is expected



3. Something subsequently happens to the sparking-plug, also. Angela gives it a lot of oil, and her person also; but things do not improve. Meanwhile, the moon shines brightly and the night advances.

to take place at the end of next month. His fiancée is Miss Olga Grumler, of Harrogate, a young lady who is very up to date in her enthusiasm for all out-door games, particularly golf. The Right Honourable Robert is, of course, Member for Roxburgh and Selkirk, and is a very learned LL.B., an LL.D., and an F.E.I.S., and has been successively Counsel to Inland Revenue, Advocate-Depute and Lord Advocate. His first wife, a daughter of the Rev. Llewellyn Evans, of Peebles, died last year.

And, of course, the marriage of last week was that of Captain Herbert Pease to Lord and Lady Gisborough's daughter, Cynthia Chaloner. She is a niece of Mr. Walter Long. Her father took the name of Chaloner under the will of the late Admiral Chaloner, by Royal License. The wedding was a country one at Guisborough Parish Church, North Yorkshire, and the reception afterwards largely attended by the neighbours at Gisboro Hall—a charming country wedding, with many members of the bridegroom's regiment (the Durham Light Infantry) and all the Chaloners and Peases unto the third and fourth generation, and Gainfords and Havelock-Allans, and other well-known Yorkshire names.

And now the end of "summer-time" is bringing long evenings and fires, and more time to gossip, and all the roads are full of motor-cars returning London-wards, and all the trains are fuller still. I came across Mrs. Robert Lindsay and her daughter Joyce, on their way to Charles Street, having visited the Inter-Allied Headquarters on the Rhine. And I heard from a friend still in Germany, who is most disappointed and annoyed to find it all so beautiful—much too beautiful for the Germans; and the greatest disappointment of all is to find them (the Germans) so well, prosperous, and happy. She has never seen more perfect roads for motoring, and their huge forests have not had a single tree cut down, as far as she can see. It makes one furious when you remember our own lost lovely trees round and near Virginia Water. And the Germans are so well dressed and perfectly shod, and the word "war" is never mentioned, and their conduct towards my friend was perfectly correct—neither cringing nor arrogant, but entirely passive. When the French soldiers pass through the streets with their bands playing, all the Germans go into their houses and shut their doors, or, if they must be in the streets, do not take their eyes off the ground till the soldiers have passed. They seem simply to loathe the French. My friend

had been through Paris, and seen Lord and Lady Greville, just arrived there from St. Briac, and Lord and Lady Rocksavage, just returning to Houghton after a week in Paris, and the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. da Gama on their way from Biarritz, and Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Lane (of the American Embassy in London) on their way to Italy, and Mr. Justice and Lady Horridge (who have been spending the last days of summer playing golf at Biarritz) enjoying Paris for a while before returning to London.

For myself, I am quite excited over the prospect of London again. The idea of real, uncamouflaged suppers eaten at midnight to the accompaniment of an orchestra is almost as exhilarating as the thought of showing my ears. (My last supper synchronised with the last appearance of my ears.) It will indeed be an occasion—*occasion* in the French sense. The Embassy Club sounds alluring enough with its gay blue background, and more men than ladies, according to all accounts; and pretty Lady Portarlington, one of London's best dancers, is there very often; and celebrities such as Lord Beaverbrook occasionally; and (at least once) the husband of that most charming and popular Lady Juliet Trevor, Major Keith Trevor. I hear of all kinds of new dances—"El Chucho" and "The Boston Wave"—which are all out of the picture my little uncovered ears call for. They long for the old, glorious waltz that no post-war couple knows anything about—the perfect dream-waltz without any syncopation or hesitation or monkey-tricks—the waltz that one man in ten could do well, but when you found him and he found you, ecstasy was sublime enough to lead to worlds no more dreamed of by modern disciples of Terpsichore than—I can't finish this sentence, which proves my point. *The Nine Muses all put together furnish no parallel.* And I am *not* middle-aged—nor even in the middle thirties; and just you wait, you bob-haired Miss with the jerky legs, and see if the day does not come when you, too, adore waltzing!

Everyone is discussing Miss Edwina Ashley, and sympathising with her and her little sister Mary on the loss of their grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, who adored them. It is all very well to be great heiresses and to have hundreds of friends; but young girls need mothers—preferably young mothers. Even Edwina is still little more than a child.

There is something pathetic about her great wealth and responsibility, though Miss Ashley is capable and self-possessed and modernly equipped with knowledge acquired of the lady who also educated Princess Alice, and is, I believe, now undertaking the education of little Lady Mary Cambridge, Lord Athlone's daughter.

And everyone is in and out of London looking for new clothes, according to my pet dress-maker, who says Lady (John) Ward was enthusiastic the other day over my own new "sports" selection. Sir John and Lady Ward are off in a week or so to America to visit

her mother, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Another enthusiast over London clothes, in spite of her frequent stays in Paris, is Mme. Balsan, who has just gone to inspect her villa at Beaulieu, but returns to London next week. She has been with her daughter-in-law, Lady Blandford, in Scotland. A well-dressed woman who loves London shops is Countess Wedell, the wife of a quondam Danish diplomat in London, who pays frequent visits to her friends here and has just arrived. Not so Lady Ribblesdale, who gets practically everything in Paris. She has just been there shopping after her "cure" at a German spa—Schlangenbad. Lord Ribblesdale is making slow progress after his long illness, but I am thankful to hear he is better. Another convalescent is Lord Coleridge, who has returned to the Law Courts, I hear, from Devonshire; and Lord Ebury's condition continues to show improvement.

Nothing very new in the world—except the advent of Mrs. Wintringham, the new Member for Louth, and the London Labour Mayors all home from the Highlands, "half-satisfied" with their parley with the Premier; and, oh, yes, the end of the Leverhulme-Orpen correspondence, and the return of Mr. Stephen McKenna.—IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. It is seven-thirty the next morning when the romantic meeting takes place at last—Angela having abandoned the cycle and walked to the inn. The sun rises gaily on a disillusioned couple.

CENTRAL SCOTLAND'S GREAT AUTUMN



LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE PERTHSHIRE HANDI-CAP 'CHASE—AWBEG, OWNED BY MR. M. S. THOMSON.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL AND THE HON. MRS. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. HAY.



MR. JOHN DRUMMOND AND MISS SMYTHE.



CAPTAIN FORBES TOWNSHEND AND LADY DUPPLIN.



LADY IRENE CURZON BRABAZON

The great social function of the autumn season in Central Scotland, the Perth Hunt Races, opened at Scone Palace Grounds on Sept. 23. The chief event of the first day was won by Awbeg, owned by Mr. M. S. Thomson, after a thrilling race. In the evening there was a ball in the

SOCIAL EVENT: THE PERTH HUNT RACES.



CAPTAIN FORBES TOWNSHEND, MISS BOLTON, MISS HARLEY BACON, AND MR. WESTALL.



LORD SCONE AND MISS DAVIS.



WITH COLONEL MOORE
M.C., M.P.,



SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR AND MR. AND MRS.
ALISTAIR MACGREGOR.



EARL CAWDOR WITH HIS SISTER,
LADY JANET CAMPBELL.

County Hall at Perth, and a second one was held on the Friday. Both were attended by numerous well-known people staying in the neighbourhood. The County Hall has been freshly decorated. Lord Scone, who recently came of age, and Colonel T. E. L. Hill Whitson were the stewards.

The Duke at Blenheim, and a Shiplake Show.



ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE BLENHEIM HOUSE PARTY: LORD SOMERS.



AT THE HENLEY SHOW: CAPT. TERRELL, M.P., MISS G. HEADINGTON, AND MISS V. FERDINANDS.



SHOOTING AT BLENHEIM: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



THE FORMER VICEROY OF IRELAND AND HIS SON AT BLENHEIM: LORD WIMBORNE AND THE HON. IVOR GUEST.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S ELDER SON AND HIS WIFE: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.



SPECTATORS AT THE HENLEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW: LORD WYFOLD WITH SIR ARTHUR AND LADY GRIFFITHS-BOSCAWEN.



AT THE HENLEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW: MRS. COOMBE, MISS MACLAREN, MR. AND MRS. MACKAY, AND MRS. TROLLOPE.

The Duke of Marlborough gave a shooting party at Blenheim last week. It will be remembered that in June of this year he married, as his second wife, Miss Gladys Deacon. The Marquess of Blandford is the elder son of the Duke. Before her marriage, in 1920, Lady Blandford was the Hon. Alexandra Mary Hilda Cadogan, daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea. Lord Somers, who succeeded to the title in 1899,

is the sixth Baron, and is a D.S.O. and an M.C.—Lord Wimborne was Viceroy of Ireland from 1915-1918; the Hon. Ivor Grosvenor Guest is his only son.—The Annual Show at Haileywood, Shiplake, of the Henley Agricultural Association was opened on Wednesday last. The exhibits included farm horses, cattle, and tradesmen's turn-outs. There was also a local jumping competition and musical chairs.

Photographs by C.N. and Alfieri.

At Peace Amidst Turmoil.



IN HER GARDEN AT KILKENNY CASTLE: THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

Lady Ossory is the daughter of the second Lord De Ramsey, and she was married in 1915. Her husband is the elder son of the Marquess of Ormonde, and is a Captain in the 1st Life Guards. They have two

children—Viscount Thurles, aged five; and Lady Moyra Butler. The Marquess of Ormonde is the Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland, and was State Steward to the Viceroy when that office was filled by Lord Carnarvon.

Photograph by Poole; Exclusive to "The Sketch."

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE :



AT THE EDINBURGH RACE MEETING AT MUSSELBURGH : LADY HERSEY BAIRD AND A FRIEND.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (OCT. 5) : THE HON. BETTY CUNLIFFE AND CAPTAIN O. S. M. NORTHCOTE (KNEELING AT THE BACK).



A TRIPLE WINNER : THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER, WITH MRS PEACOCK.



AT THE EDINBURGH RACE MEETING : THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW AND LADY DERBY.



AT NORTH BERWICK : LORD C. HOPE AND LADY MARY HOPE.



AT NORTH BERWICK : LADY READ, MR. WARREN, AND SIR ROBERT AITKEN.

There have seldom been so many entries or such a high-class company of horses at a Musselburgh race-meeting as on the present occasion. Our photographs show various well-known people there.—The Hon. Betty Cunliffe is the sister of the present Lord Cunliffe. It was arranged that her marriage to Captain Northcote should take place to-day (October 5). The seated figures in the photograph are: Mrs. Saunders, Major Saunders, and Mrs. Bilton, at Ballards Mead, Limpsfield, the residence of Major Saunders.—The Hon. F. M. B. Fisher won the Men's Open

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Balmain; others by

PERSONALITIES OF THE MOMENT.



A WELL-KNOWN HUMORIST IN LONDON:
PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK.



AT THE, EDINBURGH RACE MEETING: LADY STAIR
AND LORD ELPHINSTONE.



AT NORTH BERWICK:
MRS. SISTERSON.



AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY VICTORIA
BULLOCK AND BEN SAYERS.



SNAPPING TOLLEY DRIVING: MISS HARCOURT
AND FRIENDS.

Singles, the Men's Open Doubles in partnership with the American player W. H. Botsford, and the Open Mixed Doubles with Mrs. Larcombe, at Roehampton Lawn-Tennis Tournament on Saturday.—Mr. Stephen Leacock, the celebrated humorist, well known as the author of "Frenzied Fiction," "With the Hohenzollerns in America," and many other works, is in London with his wife and little boy.—Miss Harcourt is seen snapping Tolley driving at North Berwick. The others in the group are Miss Miriam Pease, Miss Olivia Harcourt, and Miss K. Tennant.



ALORS! It is no longer possible to engage in a gentlemanly duel in the Bois de Boulogne without the police and the magistrates taking a hand in the *affaire* as if one were a simple malefactor! The good old days are going. Those days in which one might kill one's man before breakfast, with witnesses to see that it was legally done, have long vanished; and one has had to be particularly careful in duels not to hurt one's opponent too much, for fear of subsequent proceedings.

There has just occurred on the wet grass of the wood at some unearthly hour one of these little ceremonies. A French Count and a friend decided to exchange a few pistol-shots in the old approved fashion. The shots, of course, missed their mark. According to all the rules of the game, as I understand it, the thing should have stopped there. That is what seconds are for. But the duellists were then allowed to fight with swords, and, not being too expert in the use of them, they both got hurt. Whereupon there was a great hubbub, and the police demanded explanations and talked of prosecution as though this was an ordinary row in a café.

I think there is a great deal of force in the argument of the seconds—that if the duel had not been allowed there might have been serious consequences. Apparently, as the alternative to a regular encounter—in which only rarely is any damage done—a man who feels himself aggrieved believes he is obliged to go out with a revolver and shoot his rival dead in a moment of excitement. That is what happens. There is, of course, usually a woman in the case—*cherchez la femme*! In the absence of the duel a *crime passionnel* is committed. The duel is the safety-valve.

The well-bred Frenchman has hitherto had an easy way out. He has all the sentiment of preparing his revenge when he selects solemnly his seconds, issues a challenge, looks on gloomily at the negotiations, writes his last will and testament, and goes forth in the shivering morning to the place of combat.

No man is really courageous in the grey dawn. Therefore, at this moment, when one has a vision of sorrowing relatives, a melancholy foreboding that the quiet beginnings of the day will conduct to no end—except one's own—it is with relief that one learns that shots have been exchanged, that no harm has been done, and that honour is satisfied. It is with emotion that one falls into the arms of the rival and murmurs chokingly: "Keep her! You are more worthy of her than am I!" The forgiving mood returns, and probably you and the other man will make a merry meal together.

After all, how much better than suicide or murder! But apparently the police, feeling themselves to be robbed of a certain number of excellent cases, do not approve of this pleasant and charming manner of settling disputes in the most friendly fashion. It is their business to prefer murders and general blugginess. But it will be seen that there are substantial reasons why the duel should not be abolished.



A WELL-KNOWN TENNIS-PLAYER MARRIED: MRS. BEVERLEY C. COVELL (MISS P. L. HOWKINS). The marriage of the well-known tennis-player, Miss P. L. Howkins, to Mr. Beverley C. Covell, took place at Bombay, on the 23rd of last month.

Photograph by Sport and General.

As for the meal that often follows, it has not, we are being told on all tones, deteriorated. Recently the inventor of *pâté de foie gras* was honoured in Strasbourg by the erection of his statue. Now we are arranging to erect a statue to Brillat-Savarin. France still loves exquisite cooking and choice food. It is the home of the *gourmet*. Chester, the *chef* at the Chatham, who was made famous by Sir William Orpen, returns regretfully from England. There is certainly good food to be had in England—but it has a different quality. Brillat-Savarin, whom the French hold in such high esteem, was no vulgar eater. Feeding was not a mere physical thing. It was a spiritual—and *spirituel*—function.

There was a philosophy of the table for him. Brilliant conversation was as important as the sauce. If the wine had to be carefully selected, so had the company. The *chef* must be admirable; but, then, so must the host—and so must be the guests. It is necessary, then, when one goes out duelling, to have picked one's adversary wisely, for one may have to endure his society at *déjeuner*. As for the seconds, they should be tried and boon companions who love a witticism as they love a pheasant. So many duels are not what they should be, because in the perturbation of the moment there has not been a sufficiently judicious choice of antagonist and supporters.

La femme, who furnishes the excuse for these ceremonies, is, we are informed, changing her appearance—not simply in changing her clothes, but in changing the very lines of her countenance and the shape of her face. I will not pretend to judge, but certainly authorities in Paris point out a transformation. You, dear Madam, are not in the fashion, it would appear, if your face has not become squarer. The evolution is the consequence of the new part that women are playing in affairs. They work in all the professions; they indulge in all athletic sports. How, then, could feminine beauty be expected to remain the same?



WINNER OF THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS LADIES' SINGLES HANDICAP: MISS BERYL HODDER.

Miss Beryl Hodder, who has just won the South of England Lawn-Tennis Ladies' Singles Handicap (Second Class), at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, is the younger daughter of Colonel Hodder, late R.E. This was her first tournament.

Photograph by Weston and Son.

The silhouette has altered, or is altering. No more sweeping curves, but straight, hard lines! On the other hand, the New Girl is to have robust limbs, well muscled. The hands are already losing their softness. They are becoming hands that can do things—that can swing a golf-club or manage a motor-car. The oval visage is beginning to disappear. The forehead grows more solid. The eyes are smaller, and—horror!—the mouth larger.

I hasten to say that I have not remarked these differences; they are the rather uncomplimentary conclusions of specialists who are concerned about

the alleged changes in feminine beauty. For my part, I find the Parisienne of to-day no less charming than her sister of yesterday—and just as capable, whatever the police may say or do, of provoking morning meetings with swords and pistols in the wet wood.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

An Item of the Bill.



To Time of One Man at 2s. 1d. per hour 4s. 2d.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.

THE MURDER, THE MYSTERY MAN, AND



THE MYSTERY MAN
ADVISES ANN TO LEAVE
THE RESTAURANT: MR.
R. MINSTER AS HUGH, AND MISS
COOPER AS ANN HUNNIWELL.



AFTER THE MURDER OF FRANK DEVEREAUX—WITNESSED BY
TEARLE AS "LAFE" REGAN, AND



"LAFE" REGAN USES THE MURDERED MAN'S OWN "SIGN" AFTER ARRANGING THE "SUICIDE": MR. LESLIE FABER
AS DEVEREAUX AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS REGAN.

"The Sign on the Door," at the Playhouse, is the story of an innocent young stenographer who is taken to a restaurant of ill-fame by her employer's son. The place is raided, and the pair are "snapped" by an enterprising photographer. Five years later the girl is married to "Lafe" Regan, a stockbroker, who is a widower; with a daughter, who is about to fall into the hands of her step-mother's former seducer. The wife discovers that her step-daughter is about to visit the villain at his rooms. It also happens that the husband has the same intention, as he wishes to avenge the honour of a friend whose wife the villain has seduced. Mrs. Regan is the first to arrive, and,

THE WOMAN: "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR."



THE MYSTERY MAN'S
DISCLOSURE OF A PART
HE FORMERLY TOOK IN
HER LIFE: MR. ROBERT
MINSTER AND MISS COOPER.

MRS. REGAN: MR. LESLIE FABER AS DEVEREAUX, MR. GODFREY
MISS COOPER AS MRS. REGAN.



THE GREAT SCENE: MRS. REGAN, WHO HAS BEEN LOCKED IN THE ROOM, TAKES THE KILLING OF DEVEREAUX
UPON HERSELF, TO SCREEN HER HUSBAND.

when she hears her husband, she takes refuge in the adjoining bed-room. From there she overhears the row between the two men, and the death of the seducer from a bullet from his own revolver, of which the husband has managed to get hold. Regan places the revolver in the dead man's hand, to make the case look like one of suicide, and, to delay discovery, pins on the door a notice written by the murdered man some time before. He then locks the door on the outside; so that his wife is trapped in the room. To screen her husband, she takes the killing upon herself, saying she fired in self-defence.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



THE CAR AND McCARTNEY. BY DAHLIA GORDON.

SHE had just turned out of Half-Moon Street into Curzon Street when Charlie Smith first saw her. He did what any other man who was neither misogynist, newly married, nor going for a doctor would do in the circumstances. He reduced the speed of his car from twenty to ten.

With one hand on the wheel and both eyes on the pavement, he purred slowly past her. She looked neither to left nor right.

Halfway up Curzon Street he developed engine trouble and got out to investigate. He opened the bonnet and sought where the source was—in the approaching figure. Again she passed, and this time she threw a casual glance at the car.

Charlie's heart was cheered, for, in the absence of personal credentials, he felt there is nothing like a 40-h.p. Rolls-Royce to suggest the desirability of a young man's acquaintanceship.

He watched her walk. Her hat was jaunty, her dress provocative of masculine indiscretion. Her ankles had a flippant neatness enhanced by a pair of black silk stockings.

All the same, in her clear grey eyes he had caught a glint which warned him not to be completely influenced by sartorial suggestion. He stood irresolute.

At South Audley Street she crossed, and for one second looked back across her shoulder. That decided him. He leaped back into his car and set it going at top speed.

In Stanhope Street he drew up and waited.

Right-minded women dismiss the man who would forego introduction with the formula "What cheek!" or "Sir, you make a mistake!" instead of admiring in their act that manifestation of courage which braves all for beauty. V.C.s are more easily won. A nice man prefers a bullet to a rebuff, but will risk either for a good enough cause.

This cause was good enough for Charlie. He was going over the social top, and his feet were cold. He vacillated between the several conventional openings of this unconventional situation: hoped she would not snub him—and felt that much of her charm would be lost if she didn't.

Then she rounded the corner, met his eye, and settled his problems for him.

She came towards him with a smile of frank pleasure and an outstretched hand.

"Captain McCartney!—how are you? This is a surprise! I thought you were in India!"

There was a brief instant when honest conscience held Charlie undecided at the crossways of repudiation and impersonation. Then he looked into the girl's eyes, and followed the course of man when the eyes are beautiful.

Abandoned scruple!

"Oh, I'm top-hole!" he said heartily. "And you? You look topping—ever so much better than you did!"

"I am much better, thank you. The strenuous work in hospital took it out of me, of course; but since it closed I've had plenty of time to rest."

"Oh—good!" he said.

"And your wound," she asked, with flattering concern, "is it quite better now?"

"Oh, yes—rather! Ever since they got the bullet out, you know."

A thought troubled her eyes, like a breeze on a smooth lake.

"But—I thought yours was a bayonet wound, Captain McCartney?"

Charlie smiled ingenuously.

"You do remember all about me, then? I just said that to see. Of course it was a bayonet. You know, I'm most awfully bucked to find that you—that you hadn't forgotten!"

"I should never forget you, Captain McCartney," she said demurely.

"Really? Wouldn't you, honestly? Well, I say—do you know—I've so often thought of you."

She smiled reprovingly.

"Just the same as ever! Do you think I am going to believe that?" she laughed. "Why, I shouldn't wonder if you don't even remember my name!"

"Remember it! Tcha! Why, I——" Charlie paused and leant over the side of the car. "Well, I'll tell you something. As

a matter of fact, I never bothered about your real name, for I had my own pet name for you and always thought of you by it."

"And what was it?"

"Ah!" he laughed easily. "You might think me fresh if I told you! I—I'm not taking risks of your disapproval! I say, don't you think it would be an awfully good idea if you came and had tea with me?"

The girl consulted her jewelled wrist-watch.

"I should love to—but—I've got to meet my aunt at half-past five, and——"

"Well, that's over an hour yet. Come on—do—just for Auld Lang Syne!"

He threw open the car door and she got in with a delicious air of submission to superior will. Charlie set the engine going and turned into Park Lane.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked, reaching a mental hand to pat a metaphoric back on the success of his strategy. "Savoy? Carlton?"

She caught a little sigh and gave him a demure sidelong glance.

"Just for Auld Lang Syne, I'd like to go where—where you took me that day—your first day out of hospital. Do you remember?"

"Do I remember! Shall I tell you that that place has been sacred to me ever since?" He assumed bashful sentimentality.

"I'm afraid you're going to think me an awful ass, but I kind of don't want to go back there! When you've idealised anything as I've idealised that memory, you're—you're kind of frightened to realise it again. Don't you think so? But there's another place—quite a good little spot—we'll go there. That is, if course, if you don't mind."

She cast a soft look at him from the shadows of her deep, darkly fringed eyes.

"Of course I don't!"

He drew up at a secluded little tea-shop near Piccadilly, where a group of vastly superior young women in anomalous fancy costumes will ask practically anything for practically nothing.

The girl looked at him, a troubled furrow on her brow.

"You are funny! I thought you said you wouldn't come back here?"

"Here? Why? Ah!" Charlie collected himself quickly, as a waiter collects his tip. "Do you suppose my wishes stand an earthly against what your eyes ask? Why, your eyes are enough to make a man——"

"Captain McCartney—please!"

He stifled the extravagant phrases of the smitten man and followed her into the tea-rooms.

She drew off her long gloves slowly and studied her surroundings. Charlie noticed the whiteness of her hands—and thought how nice a plain gold ring would look upon the third tapering finger of the left hand.

"I've never been here since," she said dreamily, and Charlie, inflating happily, recollected his identity and fell to the depths. Be there truth in the powers of telepathy, Captain McCartney might at that moment have supplied his local coroner with a quite unsolvable problem.

"Do you think I've changed at all?" he asked.

She considered him frankly. "A little—but not very much. Of course, you're far more a man now. After all—in 'seventeen you were only a boy."

Charlie found comfort in the pleasant thought of a raw and callow McCartney. He ordered tea from an indifferent young person whose ambition to look like a remnant from Chelsea was more than fulfilled.

Over cakes and China tea Charlie contemplated the advisability of confession.

"You know, it was a funny thing," he said, "but when I saw you turning out of Half-Moon Street, I didn't really remember you."

"Did you see me there?" she asked, with wonder.

"Did I not!" he said warmly. "And what's more—I'm going to tell you something! There and then, I made up my mind I was going to get to know you—somehow!"

"Get to know me?" She widened her eyes. He leant across the table.

"In Curzon Street I broke down intentionally till you passed. I hoped I should catch your eye, but you wouldn't look at me. And

[Continued on page x.]



EARNER OF £10,000 A YEAR, AT THE AGE OF SIX; AND REPORTED TO HAVE CURED
THE PRIME MINISTER! THE FAMOUS "KID," JACKIE COOGAN.

Undoubtedly one of the most talked-of personalities at the present time is The Kid, the six-year-old prodigy who has won such fame in acting with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." He will shortly be shown at the Scala Theatre in a new film called "Peck's Bad Boy." His ambitions are to have Mary Pickford as his leading

lady; to become a camera-man; and to retire at the age of fifteen. He was discovered by Charlie Chaplin in the lounge of a Los Angeles hotel. "The Kid" was one of the films shown to Mr. Lloyd George at Gairloch the other day, and is said to have cured the Prime Minister, as it made him laugh so much!



THE SECOND EMPIRE AT THE "OASIS": Mlle

At one of the representations at his theatre, the Oasis, M. Paul Poiret had these photographs taken of the reconstruction of a period which is not so very far distant, but seems to us almost as remote as the eighteenth century. The Second Empire is already full of romance for us, and its most interesting figure is the Empress Eugénie. She was represented by Mlle. Rita Sachetti, whose resemblance to the ex-Empress



RITA SACHETTI AS THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

of the French is striking. She is shown in the full glory of her youth and beauty with the ladies of her Court in the grounds of the Trianon, famous in the annals of French history for being the residence of Marie Antoinette, another beautiful and pathetic heroine. All the costumes have been most accurately copied from Winterhalter's pictures of the epoch.—[Photographs by Keystone View Co. exclusive to "The Sketch."]



DAUGHTER OF THE THIRD DUKE OF ABERCORN: VISCOUNTESS ALTHORP.

Before her marriage to Viscount Althorp, in 1919, Lady Althorp was Lady Cynthia Eleanor Beatrix Hamilton, and she is a daughter of the third Duke of Abercorn. She has one daughter, the Hon.

Anne Spencer, who was born in 1920. Lord Althorp is a Captain in the 1st Life Guards. He served during the war, and was wounded. He is the eldest son of the sixth Earl Spencer.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LEO KLIN.



OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



THE gentle art of telling the tale with one's tongue in one's cheek is nobly expounded in the quiet burlesque before us. It is a pirate story, with a simple young hero, rough sea-faring men, buried treasure, fights, mutiny and marooning, complete as fitted, that might be put on the film, just as it stands, for the delight of the unsophisticated. The unsophisticated would certainly be delighted and would never miss the literary part of the joke, which could hardly be thrown upon the screen. But it is the sophisticated reader who has the best of it, for to him the sly allusions, the parodies, and the calculated bathos are an open bottle and a continual feast. "Yo, ho, ho," etc.

The opening recalls our old friend G. P. R. James, but very soon we are in the country of R.L.S., with a difference, as, breathless, we follow the fortunes of Squire Spinkley's spoiled son, young Marmaduke,

who, having been birched by the Rev. Mr. Barlow (yes, it's the same, Sandford and Merton's headmaster), poured several pounds of gum arabic, "adding sufficient water to give it the required viscosity, over every chair and sofa and between the sheets of every bed in the house." Having done other serious damage at school, he returned home, and meeting with scant sympathy there, boldly tied up a moderately sized bundle, and, putting it on a stout sapling, ran away to sea. "Other youths seeking a life of adventure had carried their bundles on stout saplings, and so should he." Said Marmaduke, in his fine eighteenth-century way: "Farewell, ye purling streams, ye flower-bespangled meads! Ye sylvan groves, farewell! You can all go to blazes." Trudging to Plymouth, Marmaduke, "whose features invited adverse criticism," was relieved of his effects, and later fell in, naturally, with a captain bold, one Ballock (worthy to take rank with James Hook), who, recognising a fool that would serve his immediate turn, hailed Master Spinkley as his unknown cousin and took him into his knavish confidence. "From this moment," quoth flattered Marmaduke, "henceforth I am sworn to your service as a bold sea-rover." Sea-roved accordingly, under the Jolly Roger, with a merry cut-throat crew, all in the best and most moral "Treasure Island" style, except that the author's tongue is where it is.

"Some Pirates and Marmaduke" approves E. A. Wyke Smith a master of "Skeltery"; and the illustrations do the same for George Morrow, who has appropriately arranged for his drawings to be not only penny plain but also twopence coloured.

"The Pace of the Ox" suggests the cap-tent wagon of South Africa, and that is precisely what Miss F. E. Mills Young intends, for her South African story is an allegory of the speed of temperaments. "The Pace of the Ox is the pace to thrive in the land of veld and vley," as the epigraph on the title-page runs. It was in the end the only pace for Martin Cranmer, the broken ex-soldier, who, handicapped by a drunken partner, Radcliffe, tried to support himself with a cinema exhibition at Port Elizabeth. Martin fell in love with a rich and ambitious girl, Gwen Robertson—whose pace was that of the motor—and hoped to make good for her sake; but his scheme was upset when he was charged with murdering Radcliffe. Gwen believes Martin guilty, but saves him by perjury. Also she engages

a rising barrister, Arnold Wright, to defend him, promising Wright her hand as the reward of success. Acquitted, Martin goes to the higher veld and becomes a store-keeper. He tries to shut Gwen, now Mrs. Wright, out of his memory, and at last he marries his employer's plain daughter, Millie Bradley. But neither he nor Gwen could forget. Unexpected fortune brings the Cranmers back to civilisation; Gwen and Martin are thrown together again, with the inevitable result. But at the last moment Millie plays an unusual card, and the Pace of the Ox wins. In outline the story may not look expeditious or convincing, but in the author's telling it is both.

"Having secured himself one English daughter, Count Borch preferred, apparently, to leave his other daughter free to be of his

own mixed origin; Antonia could dip here and there for her blood among roving Baltic Barons, and, wandering about the shores of that sea, could pick up her race in a variety of countries. The Borch family seem always instinctively to have sought borderlands, flitting to and fro over frontiers as if they were the chalked line in a game." The Borch practice on *terra firma* Antonia followed in the elusive regions of passion. At the very moment of her decision to accept Julius Derlach, she met Captain Brook and Prince Mitrany, who changed the whole world for her. Brook laid siege to her heart, and she yielded so far. Mitrany, making no effort, controlled her by spiritual influence, and she in turn was essential to his regeneration. He was fated always to intervene just when Brook's success seemed assured. "Antonia" is a spiritual adventure in a world that finds its reality in the writer's original and individual manner of writing. Novel-readers who demand direct statement and commonplace characters will be bewildered; but those who understand Meredithian method and by-play will find themselves on ground not altogether unfamiliar, although both situation and style are entirely Miss Viola Meynell's own.

Take a simple-souled young artist, Jim Stirling, wedded to his art and the wild Cornish

coast, and let passion drive him to marry a little London milliner, Minnie Barton, whose Chinese face fascinated him when she sold him "The Blue Hat"—a thing he desired for its peculiar note of colour. Take it as read that Minnie was utter Cockney, that her ambition was to have a hat-shop of her own, that she considered artists a poor lot if they couldn't sell their pictures, and you will expect trouble. Trouble there was in full measure, but Margaret Westrup saves it from entire conventionality by the skill with which she manages the pitiful duel and suggests Minnie's sly and hidden psychology. Parallel with the drama in chief run the distressful love affairs of the writer Nancy Challoner, the poet Eversleigh, and another artist, Ainley—all neat foils to the commercialism of Minnie and Dolly. Dolly is a particularly acute study of a London type that occurs in Finero's "Letty."



TWO WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH (LEFT) AND MRS. HOLDSWORTH ("G. B. STERN"), AT MISS KAYE-SMITH'S HOME.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith is well known for her numerous novels on rural England. Mrs. Holdsworth is also a famous novelist, and contributes frequently to "The Sketch."—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.]

Some Pirates and Marmaduke. By E. A. Wyke Smith. (*The Bodley Head*; 6s. 6d.)
The Pace of the Ox. By F. E. Mills Young. (*Hodder and Stoughton*; 7s. 6d.)
Antonia. By Viola Meynell. (*Secker*; 8s. 6d.)
The Blue Hat. By Margaret Westrup. (*Fisher Unwin*; 7s. 6d.)

A Novelist of Rural England: Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO HER STUDIO: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.



TAKING IT EASY: THE CELEBRATED AUTHOR READING.



ONE OF HER BUSY MOMENTS: MISS KAYE-SMITH TELEPHONING.



TAKING THE AIR: MISS KAYE-SMITH ON THE WINDOW-SILL.



WITH ONE OF HER PETS.



IN THE HOUR OF RELAXATION: HAVING A CUP OF TEA.



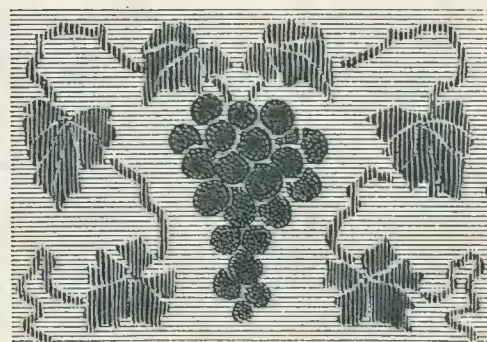
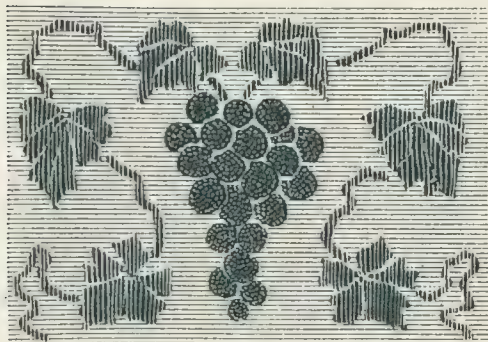
WHERE SHE WRITES HER BOOKS: MISS KAYE-SMITH AT HER DESK.

That very popular novelist, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, published her first work in 1908; it is entitled "A Tramping Methodist." At present she can be looked on as one of the very few novelists who take rural England as their subject. Her latest work, "Joanna Godden," published recently by Cassells, has the Kent and Sussex marshes as a background, and deals with the difficulties that the heroine encountered by trying to

run a farm on her own. Among her other books, perhaps the best-known are "Tamarisk Town" and "Green Apple Harvest," besides which she has published "Little England," "Sussex Gorse," "Willow's Forge, and Other Poems," "The Challenge to Sirius," "Three Against the World," "The Isle of Thorns," etc. Her London home is 3, Pembroke Studios, and there these photographs were taken.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri Picture Service.

Wife of a 20th-Century Peer, with a Henry VIII. Grant.



MARRIED TO A NOBLEMAN WHO IS PRIVILEGED TO WEAR HIS HAT IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE : LADY FORESTER.

Married to Lord Forester in 1896, Lady Forester is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Henry Caithness Davidson. Lord Forester, who is the sixth Baron, has in his possession a grant of the

time of Henry VIII., giving to John Forester, of Watling Street, Co. Salop, the privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal Presence. The heir to the title is the Hon. Cecil George Wilfrid Weld Forester.

Photograph by Yevonde.



CLUBLAND CARICATURES: CAVALRY CLUB CELEBRITIES.

Founded in 1890, with a membership of between seven and eight hundred, the Cavalry Club is situated at 127, Piccadilly, and has a membership of about 1900. Its first chairman was Sir Baker Russell.

Lord Valentia, Lord Haig, and Lieutenant-General Sir Philip Chetwode are Joint Trustees of the Club. Many prominent racing men are members, including all the international polo-players of this year's team.

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A Fashionable Country Wedding at Guisborough.



LADY GISBOROUGH, THE BRIDE'S MOTHER,
ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH.



ROSES STREWN IN THEIR PATH: CAPTAIN HERBERT PEASE,
D.S.O., AND THE HON. MRS. PEASE.



THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES AT THE PEASE—CHALONER WEDDING.

Reading from left to right (Back Row): the Hon. Ursula Chaloner, Miss Wharton, Miss Margaret Drake, Hon. Eileen Plunket, Miss Margaret Stillwell, and the

Hon. Betty Chaloner; (Front Row) Miss Helen Medlicott, Master Ingram Pease, Miss Rachel Pease, Master Rob Long, and Miss Margaret Chaloner.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. CYNTHIA CHALONER.

The marriage took place on Sept. 28, at Guisborough Parish Church, Yorkshire, of Captain Herbert Pease, D.S.O., and the Hon. Cynthia Chaloner, third daughter of Lord and Lady Gisborough. The bride

wore a draped gown trimmed with Brussels lace, and her veil was held in place by a Russian coronet. The bridesmaids' dresses were of pale yellow taffeta trimmed with posies of pale blue.

Photographs by C.N.



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H.M. KING GEORGE V.



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TO MARRY CAPTAIN D. A. CHRISTIE : MISS FAITH CAMPBELL.

Miss Faith Campbell is the daughter of the late Major George Campbell, 8th The King's, and Mrs. L. St. C. Nicholson, Stonehouse, Bishop's Hull, Somerset. It was arranged that the wedding should take place at Bradford Place, near Taunton, to-day (Oct. 5).—[Photograph by Bassano.]

or whatever it is that these exalted personages do in draughty places full of heather, which are remarkably cloudy overhead and singularly damp underfoot.

And to complete this type of excursion (if one may apply so comparatively humble a term to occasions so august), they are all bound to face the camera at lunch, reading from right to left, and grinning broadly in tweeds with those very eminent breeches which (like an old horse) go all funny at the knees.

But they have another type north of the Tweed which is a shade less distinguished. And less Saxon. Partaking largely of the nature of an aboriginal corroboree. It begins in the grey dawn as the sun is coming up over the North British hotel. In that melancholy hour you rise from your bed in Scorgie, or whatever glen in Edinburgh it may be that your evening train runs home to, and, tucking your family under your arm, you proceed (for it is the Holiday) to Stirling. Why? Ask me another. You take (for you are quite an ordinary person) no interest in the history of castellated architecture in the Eastern Lowlands. Or in siege warfare in the Middle Ages. Or, indeed, in anything very much beyond the development of the licensed trade in towns conveniently adjacent to the railway station. This pleasing topic becomes the object of your studies during the long ascent of the long hill which occupies most of Stirling—and the day.

NOW there are six kinds of excursion, if we are to be reminiscent about the summer of 1921 (now, alas! passed into history along with the spring and winter of same). And not counting the old, old kind which the kind railway directors are, *pace* the moribund magnates of the Ministry of Transport, bringing into fashion once again. If fashion is quite the right name for it.

And the first, if not the foremost, of them is the Caledonian type of high distinction, in which political gentlemen who pass their days perorating about their Humble Beginnings and the Sorrows of the People from whom they are Sprung get themselves photographically treated proceeding on ducal ponies to pick strawberry-leaves or snare capercailzie,

Then you go home. And this is when the affair begins really to develop as an excursion within the meaning of the Act. Because about the same time the same idea seems to occur to quite a lot of other people. But not, however, to Courteous and Obliging Staff of the Great Pict Railway. So they line you all up when a quite ordinary and harmless train steams in from the North and let you raffle seats in it with your elbows.

That is how, in the language of railway experts, the Fast Up becomes the Excursion. And the "6.2," by the same token, becomes the 7.18. If not the 8.25. And quite a number of harmless people who write letters to the papers under the names of "Father of Ten," "Scots Wha Hae," and "Indignant Rate-



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN EWALD SCARISBRICK : MISS DOROTHY AIRD.

Miss Dorothy Aird is the younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Aird. Captain Ewald Scarisbrick, 3rd Royal Scots, is the only son of the late Charles Scarisbrick, and Mrs. Scarisbrick, of Southport, and Weston House, Albury.

Photograph by Bassano.

payer" get delayed about three hours in their return to "Glenbowie" or "The Whins," or "Golfer's Rest," as the case may be. But the Company pockets the correct number of return and single fares (not counting the dusty gentleman with the cobwebs in his hair who travelled under the seat all the way from Tarnbet). And *that* is the essence of an Excursion.

But, of course, there is still another kind, unassisted by any of the inventions of the late George Stephenson and the subsequent improvements of Sir Eric Geddes. You may know it when you see it. Because there are at least ten of them on the road with bags on their backs. Not counting the elegant lady in the tailor-made who falls by the way at the fourth milestone. And they walk and walk until they get to the nearest hill. Then they go up it. With pauses on the way to examine with meticulous care the shape of a beetle or the flight of an eagle whenever the ascent is getting too stiff. And after that they come home and tell most awful lies about the view from the summit.

But they are all memories now. And we are back again pushing 1921 into the background in small houses in large towns. And that, so far as our holidays are concerned, is that. Now you must all wait (and pray) for Xmas.



ENGAGED TO H.M. SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND : MISS OLGA MARIE GRUMLER.

Miss Olga Marie Grumler is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grumler, Woodgarth, Kent Avenue, Harrogate. Her engagement to the Right Hon. Robert Munro, K.C., M.P., LL.D., H.M. Secretary for Scotland, was announced a short time ago. It is arranged that the wedding shall take place at the end of the month.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

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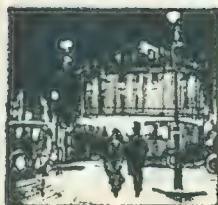
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Without Prejudice

WAY for and all hail to the most annual of all annual controversies! A poetical gentleman has exclaimed in cold grey prose that our theatrical managers lack courage. Meaning, thereby, that they lack the courage to produce poetical dramas, thus incurring the stern indignation of poetical gentlemen. As you so justly observe, an annual controversy. But, with our usual faultless taste, we refrained from calling it a Hardy annual. Because it was not Mr. Thomas. But Mr. John. Drink—(as they say at Hollywood, Los Ang., Cal.)—water.

And one is always left wondering as the captains and the kings depart (there isn't a censor to cut *that* out now, is there?) and the tumult and the shouting dies—receding gracefully into the quieter corners of the paper where the news about bee disease is kept—one always wonders, when it is all over, whether the managers aren't right, after all, and the poetical drama oughtn't (William S. excepted) to be treated as an oddity on the boards. Caviare, fit for special performances in Sloane Square on off afternoons.

notoriously delicate in the extreme. But there is another cause, not wholly dissociated from that large document called "Balance Sheet," that he is fingering so wistfully. And that also has some slight weight with him. Because he, too, like us, wants jam for tea.

You see, in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred a drama in verse is about history. And nobody except Mr. H. G. Wells has ever succeeded in making history sell. You can't write a play in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh wonders for three acts whether to run away from Mr. Norman McKinnel and make her express her uncertainty in verse. *It Won't Do*. So you have to do it about Attila or Napoleon or Julius Cæsar, or somebody as demonstrably defunct.

And historical plays don't, in this harsh world of crowded omnibuses, fill. Or pay. Or, consequently, run. So there you are. So as long as Mr. Drinkwater's muse, even condescending to prose, toys with historical characters—and he seems to have got caught up with Clio when his true business was with Thespis—his successes will be



THE NEW JUDGMENT OF PARIS: COMPETITORS IN THE BATHING BEAUTY SHOW AT BRIGHTON BEACH, U.S.A.

We show above a selection from hundreds of bathing girls representing every resort around New York, who competed in the bathing beauty

show for beauty of person and garb. On the extreme left is Miss Madge Merritt, winner in the beauty and perfect form contest.

Photograph by Topical.

And there is, you know, one main and foremost reason why one can feel only a faint enthusiasm for the metrical play in England nowadays. And that is the fault of our dear, kind, accomplished, with their little sons and daughters (not to mention livestock) be-photographed entertainers, the artists (m. and f., if one may quote the discourteous descriptions on their passport application-forms). Because no power on earth has ever succeeded in inducing more than three of them to speak verse in verse.

The little things seem ashamed of it, somehow. They take refuge in a rapid, furtive, but invariably prosaic utterance. It comes off their tongues in long, solid slabs of prose. And if they hadn't asked the printer to cut it up into the statutory lengths, you would never discover, from anything that you hear in the English theatre, that a verse drama is in verse.

That may be one reason why the gentleman in the box office may feel a trifle shy of the poets in the playhouse. The enunciation of their dramatic interpreters offends his artistic sensibilities, which are

unique triumphs. And he will continue to be dissatisfied with the box office's lack of heroism.

A queer lapse in public taste, the disinclination to see history presented in nice, easy forms. But so it is. You would have thought that a lazy public (because we are all human beings—even the oddest of us to look at) would have welcomed the opportunity of absorbing a little history on easy terms. Without learning the dates. But, no. They won't have it. And the costume drama is, in consequence, a drug in the theatrical market.

Such a pity, because they all look so nice when they are dressed up as kings and queens. But, except for a freak success like the long scarlet streak of the *Pimpernel*, you can hardly think of a historical play that was a real success. And it is successes, you see, rather than failures, that the gentleman in the box office is looking for. Because he can't pay the rent with the kind things that the critics say about plays that drop dead in a week. They won't even do to paper the bath-room.

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Bolsheviks spare English- woman's life in exchange for a *Ciro Pearl* Necklet.

The following letter is eloquent proof
of the wonderful resemblance of

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to the real gems.

"I think you will be interested in the following adventure a string of your pearls underwent. A few months ago I escaped from Russia, but when near the border of Finland I was stopped by a party of murderous Bolsheviks. They demanded money, but I was penniless. Hidden in my hair, however, was a string of *Ciro Pearls* with a diamond clasp. I had kept it hidden because it was given to me by a dear friend, who became a victim of the Bolsheviks. I offered the necklace, but even then I was hauled before a Commissar, and he enquired were the pearls of value. I replied, 'Of great value.' They examined them with greedy eyes, and one yelled, 'They have a beautiful lustre.' I was saved, and but for that string of *Ciro Pearls* I would have been shot. My gratitude to your pearls you can guess."

On receipt of this letter, we invited the writer to choose a necklet to replace the one she had forfeited. We learnt from her, however, that she had already secured another, which she looked upon as her talisman. She added that we were at liberty to use her letter, and she would be delighted if its publication increased our sales. In conclusion, she stated, "My interrogators had been stealing jewels for a considerable time, and I think that their being deceived is ample proof of the beauty of *Ciro Pearls*."

For One Guinea you also may have a facsimile of a valuable real necklet.

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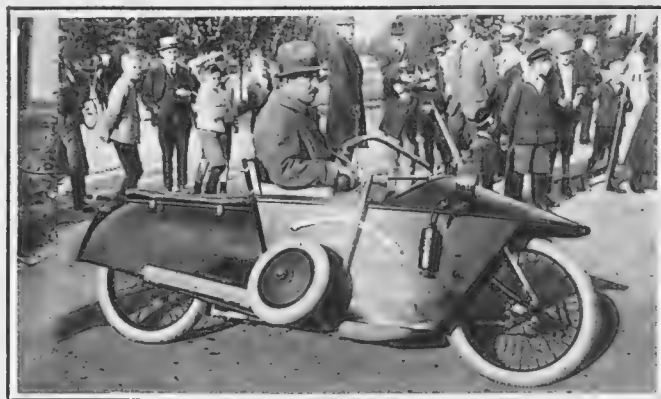
MOTOR DICTA



RACING GOSSIP: THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. By GERALD BISS.

BROOKLANDS ended up its own club season with a very pleasant meeting, principally a members' afternoon, with a full paddock and thoroughly good racing. Along the rails there was quite a line of bookmakers, to the horror of the gent who wrote to the *Autocar* recently anent the painful prevalence of plunging at Brooklands this year, and its devastating effect upon the healthy young sport of motor-racing, almost hinting at some terrible scandal behind this frightful gambling in half-dollars and occasional isolated Bradbury-Fishers. Certainly one sporting King, him of Spain, did have a tenner on "Chitti" when he visited the track this summer, probably because it was his minimum unit in such matters; and rumour says that the ring on the cement had to cut it up between them, and went home overburdened with joy and shrimps for tea when the royal choice failed to obtrude itself upon Mr. Fowler's eagle optic. At this last meeting one friend of mine did confide in me that he had actually won £13 5s., and sent the bookies home with their shrimping-nets empty; but he had to hide himself and the boodle, and be smuggled out in a limousine under a rug, lest the "boys" or the "peaky-blinders" from Brum knuckle-dusted or sand-bagged him. Such are the horrors of plunging in these post-war days!

All the Winners. However, let us back to our autos forthwith. "Chitti-Bang-Bang II." made its début and bang-banged plenty, but not into first place; and it was not the day out of either of the Brothers Chitti. Possibly they had their thoughts fixed not so much upon the winning post as upon "Winnie Praps Praps," a light-blue Lanchester of beautiful lines and graceful carriage, who, however, did not prove to be quite so fast as the handicappers appeared to think her. The first race was won by one of the nippy "A.C." team, which reminds me that as I write the indomitable "S. F.," regardless of *anno domini* and infants, and despite his recent three-wheel adventure upon the track, is doggedly circling the cement in the endeavour to take down his own twenty-four-hour record, made with a large type ancient, with a modern little 'un a quarter the size. The Vauxes were very much in evidence with three wins, Swain, in the most exciting race of the day, just outlasting Lee Guinness's stupendous spurt on the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam in the last lap by the outer cover of his front tyres—so much so that everybody thought it was a dead-heat, and the judge was a long time in sending up his official decision. Lee Guinness drives this very fast and difficult machine better than anyone who has ever yet handled it upon the track, and did the last lap, when his chance looked hopeless, at 117½ m.p.h., getting close upon 140 m.p.h. at one time. Gee whizz!—some travelling; and the time for the



SEEN IN BERLIN: A NEW ANTI-SKID MOTOR-CYCLE.

This new kind of motor-cycle is of 3½-h.p., and has two extra wheels attached to it. These are for use as an anti-skid device, and for support when the machine is stationary.

Photograph by C.N.

race was 101½ m.p.h. Malcolm Campbell, to the satisfaction of all Brooklands habitués, pounced the last two races with his two Talbots—the familiar "Blue Bird" and t'other one: and but for slight trouble with his plugs he would have gone very near pulling off two others. There was the usual safety accident, for which the track is growing quite famous, in the third race, a young Bugatti sliding down the bank and somewhat rudely butting into an equally young Wolseley, nearly pinning it against the parapet. It managed, however, to avoid this unwelcome squeeze and slithered out; while the Bugatti turned over upon its panting side and lay there, overcome by its gallant efforts. Nobody hurt and no harm done, as usual!

The
Talbot-Darracq
"Blue-Bottles."

In the sheds were a couple of the young Talbot-Darracq "blue-bottles," which had done such wonders at Le

Mans the preceding Sabbath under the watchful eye of Alan Fenn, and after the racing, Lee Guinness and Segrave took them for a buzz round the cement. Needless to say, they are hot favourites for the 200-mile race at Brooklands upon the 22nd; and the only thing which can possibly defeat them is if anyone should unfairly drop a fly-paper upon the track. It seems almost incredible that these tiny machines, officially only just over 10-h.p., could win the Grand Prix of the Little 'Uns at over 72 m.p.h. over 280 miles. Moreover, they were within six miles an hour of

the average of Murphy's Duesenberg in the big Grand Prix in July, a "straight-eight" of double the capacity. And it has, moreover, landed right on top commercially, as the "straight-eight" is apparently of no commercial advantage, and does little or nothing to advance the interests of the bigger public in motoring by increasing efficiency and decreasing costs, whereas this half-size youngster with half the number of cylinders gives splendid promise of promoting cheap power in economical compass—to the greater widening of the automobile circle.

From Voltigeur
to Flying
Dutchman.

In contrast to these Voltigeurs, I went to Brooklands and spent most of the week-end upon that Flying Dutchman, the new Spyker, which created such extraordinary interest at the White City last year. It is without question out of the topmost drawer in the automobile chest, with that extraordinary, indefinable feeling which just a few—a very few—right at the very top give one instinctively as they speed silently from one mile an hour to over sixty, accelerating with the smoothness of steam, and holding the worst roads with a grip as gentle as it is firm. The springing is particularly noticeable; and the lines of the body, itself as comfortable as any open car I have ever been in, are peculiarly attractive and graceful.



SHOWING HOW THE ANTI-SKID WHEELS WORK: THE NEW MOTOR-CYCLE-CAR.

The car is here shown with one of its two anti-skid wheels in action.

Photograph by C.N.



HIGHLY DECORATED: ONE OF THE SMARTEST CARS AT THE EXHIBITION.

In spite of various cries of poverty, the Berlin Motor Show exhibited cars which were of a most expensive kind. The one above is decorated in relief, and its price is 350,000 marks.—[Photograph by C.N.]



Miss MARJORIE HUME, The Well-known Film Star, writes:

"I have for long been a constant user of Phosferine, which is a really wonderful nerve tonic, and I cannot speak too highly of its recuperative effects. My work for the stage and screen has for some time past been very strenuous, and in addition I am very fond of various kinds of sport, riding and boating and tennis, etc., and thanks to Phosferine I am able to keep all these going during my spare time, and turn up fresh and energetic at all engagements and rehearsals. A course of Phosferine makes me feel able to concentrate effectively, either mentally or physically, upon anything I undertake. Certainly the feeling of vigour makes one thoroughly enjoy either work or play wholeheartedly and understand more fully what it is to really appear at one's best." 31st July, 1921.

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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

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They are impervious to weather. Worn with the fleece lining, they combine the warmth and comfort of an ulster with the rain-resisting qualities of a stout mackintosh. With this lining detached they are a light, elegant rain-coat. Thousands of officers and ex-officers testify to their worth. They will last for years—even war conditions could not wear them out.

When ordering, state height and chest measurement over waist-coat. Chest sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches.

Delivery is made within 7 days. Prepaid mail orders only are accepted, and if the coat does not give complete satisfaction, money will be at once refunded without question, provided garment is returned undamaged within seven days.

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Through a Glass Lightly



BACHELORS are a batch o' laws unto themselves.

A woman's conscience is like a man's banking account. Life, without it, is a nuisance; with it—a hindrance.

Herewith an extract from my new serial story, which is going to make Suburbia weep—

" 'You have no heart!'

"Pale, but tearless, she stood before him and uttered those words in a voice trembling with the passion of her dauntless soul. He faced her, unmoved. Her eyes quivered. Yet they never flinched. Shining and moist with subdued weeping, those eyes, that spoke so much more than words could ever express, stared him squarely in the face. Between him and her there rose the squalid picture of her desolate home—a widowed mother, an attic, and the chill surroundings of inexorable poverty. Misfortune could not dim the lustre of those eyes or tame the indomitable spirit of the woman. Erect and queenly, she stood facing him as he, mute and ashamed, shuffled uneasily beneath the scorn of her gaze. Again she spoke, her voice carrying in its fervent tremor the finality of her soul's renunciation: 'You have no heart!' she said.

" 'No, Miss; sorry; but we have some nice calves' liver,' said the butcher apologetically."

Post Office clerks are sent to try us.

One of those traditionally brow-beating counsel was hammering causticisms into an immobile witness and getting nothing in return. The simple-looking Agricola in the box just gaped in reply, but said nothing. The caustic barrister had said everything that even a lawyer is allowed to say to a "civilian" in a court of law, but the witness's impassivity conquered in the end, and the barrister resorted to unmitigated abuse. "You," he shouted, pointing menacingly at the harmless witness—"you appear to be the biggest idiot that has ever been allowed in this court." The idiot grinned. But the judge, thinking that things were going too far and that reprimand from the Bench was needed, leaned forward and, addressing counsel in grave tones, said: "You forget where you are, Mr. —; you seem to forget my presence."

A pearl-diving native of Togo
Obtained, from a trader, a pogo.

He tried, for a lark,
To jump over a shark.
But the shark pogo'd too, so 'twas no go.

Strange, isn't it, that with so much college training, so few people seem to be educated?

Another funeral story has just come to port from a newspaper man recently returned from Yew Ess Ay—in one word, America.

He had been sent to report the obsequies of a multi-millionaire shoe-lace exporter or something, and, after the somewhat gorgeous ceremony, he was approached by a lugubrious person in black, and asked if he represented the *Red Gulch Gazette*. He admitted that he did. The lugubrious one then explained that he was "in charge of the affair," and concluded with this astounding request: "The body's brother would like you to lunch with him."

A Ruridical Chapter was being held in one of the outlying and unknown parishes, or whatever they are called, of North Wales. Having first got over the objection to talking in Welsh—or English—the meeting of clergy settled itself to business. As the discussions were likely to be rather prolonged, the question arose first as to what kind of lunch should be provided. After an hour's debate, *pro* and *con.*, hot or cold collation, the assembly decided upon a cold meat lunch. Then the more serious matters were entered upon. The talk was about the existing attitude of Welsh Churchmen towards the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. In the midst of questions apropos the discussion of this momentous matter, a voice rose from

the back of the hall: "Mr. Rural Dean," said the voice, in unmistakable English-Welsh accent. "Mr. Rural Dean, I should like to ask if we are to understand that the *tatws* [potatoes] will also be cold?"

A laddered silk stocking suggests taste without propensity. A crinkled stocking speaks propensity without taste. Put not your hose in crinkles!

Beware of the woman who wears a scowl and a diamond tiara at the same time. She's an intriguer.

The existing licensing laws have provided a worried nation with a number of new moods and words. The newest word broke

forth upon a coterie of club members the other evening when one, newly landed from a dry country, asked for a whisky-and-soda. The barman, with a smile, said: "Double, Sir?" The thirsty one replied: "No; fourple, please."

We are all quite aware that the world is full of "crooks." But not one of us will ever dare to call anyone a bad egg until he is "broke."

Father was trying to read his evening paper to while away the time until mother returned from the sales. He was being pestered all the time by the persistent questionings of his young son, who, boylike, asked for the most impossible information about the most improbable things. Father was becoming irritated. Then, at the worst point of parental irritation, the boy said: "Daddy, tell me; what is a she-dragon?" The old man replied, in sheer exasperation: "Now, look here, sonny; one more word about your mother, and off you go to bed!"

The world is so full of a number of laws,
You cannot commit *any* crime, without cause. SPFX.



AT ST. GEORGE'S HILL CLUB: COMPETITORS IN THE R.A.F. GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

More than sixty R.A.F. golfers took part in the first day's play of the Royal Air Force Golfing Association championship meeting at St. George's Hill Club last week. In the individual competition Flight-Lieutenant C. H. Hayward (+2) was the winner in the first division, with a return of one up. Air-Vice-Marshal Arthur V. Vyvyan (12) (standing on step, pipe in hand) won in the second handicap division with two down.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

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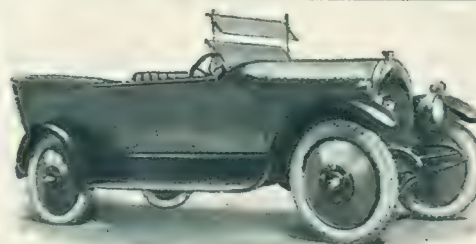
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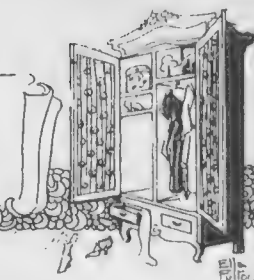
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VANITIES



The Art of Dress. No doubt the modern dress critic would scout the notion of the word "art" being used in connection with women's dress, and the misguided ones who go through life thinking that clothes are intended merely as a covering and that appearances don't matter would very likely hold the same view. Women have been told over and over again in different words that a truly feminine love of frocks is somehow detrimental to the national interest. Listen to some of the critics and you'd really think that the war was lost, the exchanges upset, and unemployment caused all because Eve continues to indulge natural instincts for looking nice! Now, if she really listened to all the good advice freely offered, and refrained from wearing becoming and lovely gowns, it wouldn't be long before men in a body besought her to change her ways. Adam may say that it's not what a woman looks like that matters, but her character; but, as he invariably behaves as if he believed the exact contrary, we're not likely to attend the funeral of fashion just yet.

The Cure. Next time someone comes along to tell you that "all is vanity," and women's clothes are lacking in beauty and charm, lead them gently to 15, Hanover Square, W., and let them watch a parade of the fashions of the moment at Reville, Ltd. Unless they're hopelessly prejudiced, they'll joyfully admit that they'd no notion fashions *could* be so lovely, and maybe they'll be a little less quick to criticise the mode another time.

He Did Not Know. Omar, if he'd only known, would quite probably have included a "Reville" frock in the list of things necessary to turn the wilderness into paradise, and no doubt the Queen of Sheba would have faced Solomon with more confidence if she'd only had the good fortune to be wearing a gown from 15, Hanover Square. Unfortunately for both of them, Mr. Reville didn't happen to be designing gowns just then; but the woman of to-day who persists in appearing in unbecoming or ill-chosen toilettes simply hasn't the vestige of an excuse with which to justify her action; and, as fashion fully realises the fact that it takes all sorts of styles to make a mode that will keep every woman happy, no one need look anything but nice, and therefore happy, if only she'll take the trouble to study the frocks best suited to her own individuality.



This is what can be done with paillettes and feathers on an evening cape.



A wrap of to-day has a distinctly Moorish aspect.

Every Aspect. You hear that Mme. X. makes a specialty of the long-waisted frock, and M. Z. has given his blessing to the puffy skirt, which is interesting, but indicates a somewhat limited point of view. But at 15, Hanover Square, as you'll see for yourself if you take the trouble to pay a personal visit, you'll find *every* aspect of the mode practically illustrated in the loveliest ways. Assuming that

you have a feeling that a modified form of crinoline skirt would suit your figure, here's one of grosgrain, black, with a quaint little jacket corsage and a skirt distended at the hips and embroidered in silk or beads, in relief or in a flat design, and you take your choice as to design and colour. It may be that the next moment your allegiance to the "hoopy" skirt will be sorely tried by the appearance of a slender model in Parma violet crêpe georgette; devoid of ornament, quite straight, and held round the hips by a girdle of flowers that suggest cactus dahlias developed in the dress material. The ideal course, naturally, would be to buy both; if, however, this is not possible, at least you are afforded unrivalled opportunities of comparing the becoming merits of both styles.

Coat Vagaries. Coats are curiously varied this season. Indeed, wraps of all kinds seem intent on striking out in new directions. The fact that one encounters a cape that has a distinctly Spanish suggestion about it is no reason whatever why one shouldn't wear a straight coat with wide sleeves edged with mongolie fur, if one likes; and, as Dolores shows, a close-fitting wrap for the evening may be entirely covered with glittering paillettes. But, fashionable as paillettes are, the wearing of them is a purely optional business, and a definite decision in their favour becomes somewhat difficult when one's confronted with, say, a black velvet cloak built in three tiers, each of which is scalloped, the whole being topped by black velvet roses ranged round the neck in



Kolinsky is used for this attractive evening cape.

This is another aspect of the Moorish wrap.

place of a collar. Tissue brocades and satins are, too, open to the evening wrap-seeker, so that it will readily be gathered that the question of what to wear in the evening is a far-reaching one. Day coats offer the same variety of choice. A long cloak of smooth-faced satin cloth may appeal to some, but many will yield to the fascination of hazel-nut-coloured pilot cloth, with a huge collar of silky mongolie fur. Alternatively, there are wraps that look like cloaks when seen from the back, but have a distinctly "coaty" suggestion about the front—a suggestion emphasised by the fact that the model is cut with two long waistcoat panels in front, and held together by a belt fastened with some curious and generally antique clasp or buckle.

With Suits. The coats that form the upper half of a tailored costume show

an amazing variety of style. Here is a little short, square affair in blue, the gay woollen embroideries on which suggest a specially luxurious pile carpet; and here a trim velvet model that is simply bound with black braid. One sweeps down to the hem of the skirt; another flares impertinently about the hips. Both are correct, but both must be perfectly made, and the moral is so obvious that it need not be pointed out.

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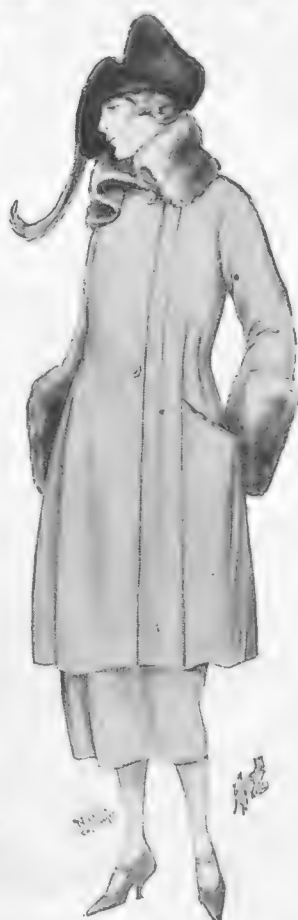
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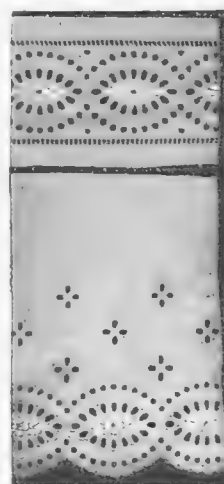


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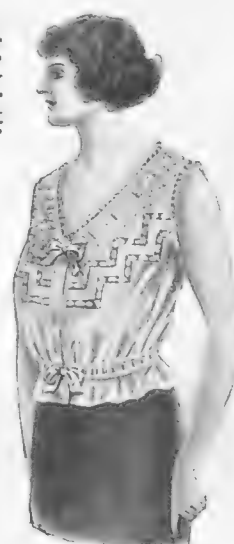
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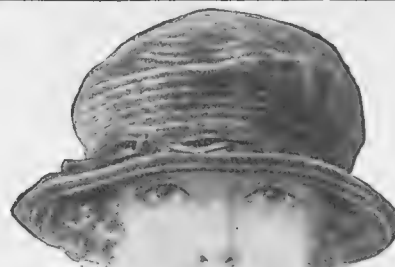
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EXCLUSIVE in design and cut on entirely new lines. The coats of the costumes illustrated are perfectly tailored and made from fine quality velveteen, a becoming contrast to the skirts, which are in coloured striped material of novelty design.

Smart COAT and SKIRT; plain tailored coat in good quality velveteen, with revers and cuffs of striped hopsack, to match skirt; plain well-cut skirt in striped hopsack, with button trimming in front. Coat lined silk throughout. In navy, nigger, and black.

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Paris Novelties in Jumpers

Original Designs at Harrods

IN spite of the seemingly capricious turns My Lady Fashion takes, there's usually a hint of reason behind her fickleness, and if for still another season she proclaims the Jumper stylish, it is, if truth be known, because the Jumper is far too useful to pass out of vogue.

Easy to put on, a boon with its absence of fastenings, delightfully easy to wear—these perhaps are the chiefest secrets of the Jumper's charm.

But if, while Fashions come and go, the Jumper is so constant, it does not by any means become monotonous. Renowned Parisian designers have revealed afresh this season the unexpected possibilities in design and decoration which these enchanting garments offer.

First, as usual, upon the scene, Harrods secured from these designers the most appealing of their triumphs, and now offer a Collection not only surpassingly lovely to behold, but representative of the very newest note in Style.

The colours, apart from the fascinating variety of ornamentation, are a sheer delight. Here is one lovely model in georgette whose subtle green, that a painter would call viridian, is reminiscent of nothing so much as the hue that gleams under the prow of a gondola in Venice. Shimmering lines of embroidery in bright steel beads pursue their way over the whole of this delightful garment, and make a model that is equally delightful for either afternoon or evening wear. The price, quite a secondary matter when you've seen this lovely Jumper, is only 59/6.

There's a hint of the Red Indian in another lovely style, also in fine georgette, that has a geometric pattern of red and pink-hued beads on a ground deep blue like a summer's night. Short-sleeved, round at the neck, and falling only to a high waist line, this charming model is also offered in various other shades, and 69/6 is its alluring price.

Those who prefer a longer-skirted style will be intrigued at once by a wondrously pretty model in smoke-grey georgette, embroidered here and there with sprays of pansy-like blossoms in a delicate new blue shade. Short sleeves and a round neck declare this Jumper admirable for evening wear and temptingly inexpensive at 51 Gns.

Perhaps more suited for matrons' evening wear are the handsome new designs in heavy stockinette that Harrods buyer has just brought back with her from Paris. One model, for example, perfectly straight, and caught in at the waist by a narrow belt, boasts no decoration but a glittering fringe of steel beads on the sleeves and round the skirt, and two large designs of steel-bead embroidery, one on the skirt and one worn like an Order, over the heart. Many other bewitching designs are offered, in many lovely shades, the prices ranging upward from 6½ Gns.

We cannot omit some reference to a particularly charming georgette Overblouse. This example was in black, though copies may be had in other shades. One splendid flower was embroidered in the front in white "pot" beads, and over the rest of the garment were lighter touches of embroidery for all the world like petals blown from the big bloom. Silk binding in contrasting shades defined the edges of this model, which at 89/6 was really irresistible. As many of these delightful Jumpers are limited in number, ladies will be wise to see them early.

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The distinctive new Autumn Models in Harrods Salons owe their elegance as much to the taste and artistry of Harrods designers as to the unerring selection of the very best of every material involved in their creation. A visit of inspection will more than delight you.



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'ZETA.' Matron's Gown in georgette. The bodice has a long, straight drapery giving a smart line to any full figure. Graceful skirt with side panels, finished with lattice-work trimming of self-coloured georgette. In various colours. **14½ Gns**

'KATHERINE.' Most attractive Coat-Frock in finest quality Gabardine, effectively trimmed at collar, cuffs and skirt, with fur. Finished with narrow belt and available in various fashionable shades. **14½ Gns**

'JUDITH.' An Elegant Gown in fine Gabardine with panels in contrasting shade, embroidered in silk and outlined with fur trimming. The straight lines of this model are suitable for any full figure. In several shades. **14½ Gns**

'THELMA.' A very graceful frock, made on simple lines with long tunic back and front edged with loops of georgette. The bodice is very full, with three-quarter sleeves and deep, piped arm-holes. In several shades. **14½ Gns**

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'SYLVIS.' One Skin Natural Wolf Shoulder Wrap (on left), with head and tail. Lined satin. **12 Gns**



'JUSTINE.' A charming Natural Skunk Stole (on left), from very fine quality skins. Artistically worked, also with pockets. Lined satin. **65 Gns**

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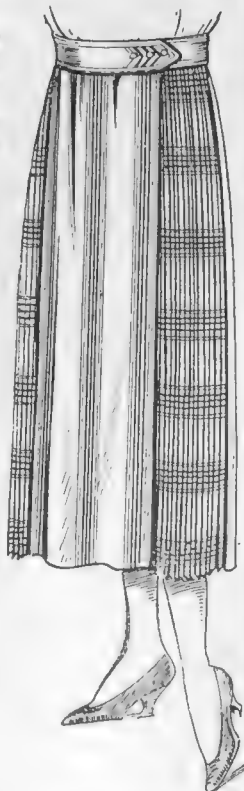
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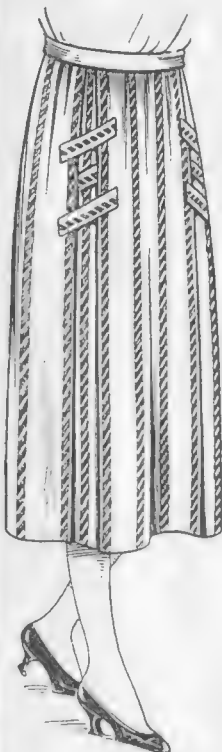


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Above this the finest elastic
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An advantage unknown to the
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In pink only.
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Rich Crêpe-de-Chine
BLOUSES
for Present WearThis delightful Blouse is made by
our own workers from rich quality
Crêpe-de-Chine, and is adapted from
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quality Crêpe-de-Chine, cut on be-
coming long lines, finished with
strappings of self material and hem-
stitching, with small pleats either side
of front. In ivory, champagne,
pink, and a variety of new Autumn
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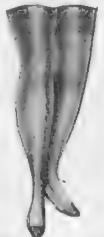
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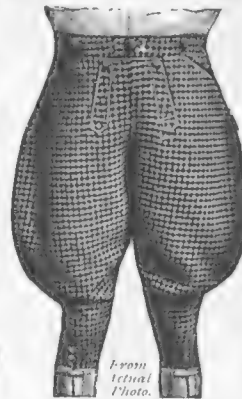
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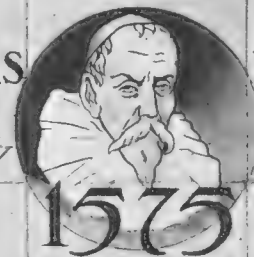
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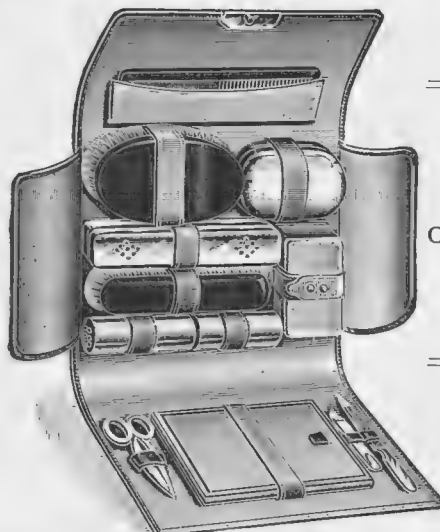
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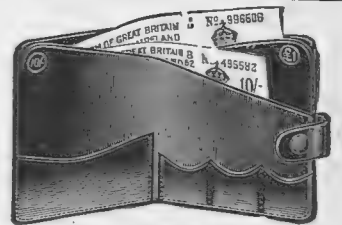
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THE CAR AND McCARTNEY.—[Continued from page 16.]

then—" He paused—and well he did! The girl's face, like that of an inverted Galatea, had become marble.

"Captain McCartney," she faltered. "You—you—surely you didn't think I was the type of girl a man can speak to without—without an introduction?"

Charlie looked penitence and humility.

"Good Lord, no! I say—I never thought that! But you know, when a man sees a girl with a face like a—like a—well, like an advertisement for a beauty cream, he doesn't stop to reason, and I—well, of course, you know—I—I say—do have some more tea."

She refused, but her eyes had softened.

"You see," she said wistfully, "I like pretty clothes—I like to look nice. But if I thought men took me for fast—"

Her lip trembled. Charlie laughed aloud.

"Fast—my dear child! You! Why, you've about as much chance of looking fast as—a nun!"

She yielded to his petition to drive her to Kensington, where her aunt was to await her. There was an important problem which Charlie had not solved yet—her name and address. It kept him silent.

Outside Kensington Station he stopped and she got out. She held her hand to him with her unaffected smile.

"I have enjoyed myself! Thank you so much, Captain McCartney."

"I—I may see you again, mayn't I?" he asked.

"Why, of course you may!"

"Er—still the same address, I s'pose?" he asked, with the sensation of a poker-player raising on a bluff.

The girl saw nothing of his emotion.

"Oh, no! We moved, you know, in 1919. We are at 15, Earls-croft Mansions, Maida Vale."

"We?" he smiled, with an artful artlessness that made Machiavelli look like an also ran. "Why, you speak as though you were married now!"

She dropped her eyes. Her blushing innocence was adorable.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I am still Gwenda Maris."

Charlie had an immediate need, and that was a strong whisky-and-soda. He had deceived the sweetest woman in the world, and, in the early stages, that worries a man.

Yet, what could he have done? To tell her was to lose her. Sooner or later, of course, she would have to know, but not until he

had established himself in her estimation. Surely she would forgive! She was simple and artless as a child, but that she possessed the tolerance of a woman he was convinced.

He drove at a reckless speed to his club, and thought of the naïve clarity of her eyes. It was just that naïveté which completed her contrast to the modern girl. It gave her perfection and bowled him over, for, in his heart, the Victorian is man's ideal of a heroine.

At the club Charlie found the necessary stimulant, and in the lounge he swooped down upon Tom Withers with a welcome cry.

All heart and no hair, Tom was one of Nature's dumping-grounds for other people's love-stories. It is upon the shoulders of such men that women—with a glorious disregard for their victim's suit—pour out their love for another man. It is into the ears of such men other men distil the tale of the only girl in the world. And it is out of the pockets of such men the fiver is often borrowed to take the "only girl" to dinner!

Charlie pinned him to his seat and served up his adventure, garnished with the elaborate adjectives which are the almonds upon the trifle of Love. He observed, with a sense of grievance, that his listener was not in form; that his eye moved restlessly, and his mouth wore an unusually worldly smile.

"And I," Charlie finished warmly, "I had the darned nerve to think that I might pick her up—pick her up, Withers! Her! I might as well expect to pick up pearls on—on Blackpool Beach!"

Tom took a thoughtful sip of his whisky.

"Fairly tall, is she? With auburn hair and a little brown mole just at the right-hand corner of her mouth?"

Charlie sat up.

"That's right! I say—do you know her then?"

Tom smiled with the wisdom of all ages.

"There is a mirror facing us, old boy. Will you look in it please," he said. "Now, you—you are just on six foot—I am a little more than five. Your hair is black; mine—what there is of it—is decidedly ginger."

Tommy finished his whisky with a gulp. "This fellow McCartney, now, he must be an uncommonly versatile-looking fellow! It was in Hyde Park—driving in my Talbot-Darracq last Thursday—that Gwenda Maris mistook me for him!"

[THE END.]

A new edition of "Branded," the well-known novel by Mr. Gerald Biss, has just been published. This story of a woman who paid penance for another woman's sin has been filmed by the Gaumont Company, and is being shown in various parts of the British Isles, in Canada, France, United States of America, India, and Spain.



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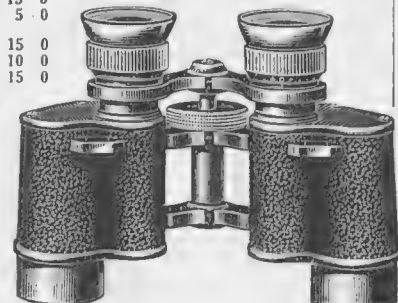
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

North and South. My friends write to me that London is becoming very pleasant again. I hear of theatre parties, afternoons at dress parades—even dances at night restaurant clubs. Somehow, it doesn't interest me much; I am only beginning to get cooled through after the heat and stuffiness of summer in the South. Far up in the North it blows and blows "every day from a different corner," as our Highland housekeeper says, and in every blow seems to come refreshment and rehabilitation after the flattening-out of the long drought. There is some rain here, but not much, and some days the blows become gales, and then things are not so pleasant; but, take it all round, the North is greatly enjoyable after the southern frying-pan.

The Duke's Ball Escapes the Cows.

The Duke of York, the Duke of Sutherland, and Viscount Ednam were over on Brora golf links playing a threesome one day. The local players who saw them said his Royal Highness was a braw boy and looked right well in his baggy knickered tweeds. They did not think that he shaped any too well as a "gouffer," but they have little idea how difficult their rough and very sporting, almost natural, links are to those used to the conventionality of perfectly kept courses. I did not hear that a cow had eaten his Royal Highness's ball, but it is an accident that happens fairly frequently even in such important affairs as competitions. The local butcher laments that even when the cow is dead the balls are no use, as they have been chewed to the core!

The Very Best.

There is one thing that we all need up here, and that is woollen clothing, for, however warmly the sun shines through the day, there is a bite in the air morning and evening. Now there is no wool so pure, none which is so perfectly suited to these conditions, as that which bears the name of Jaeger. Their woollen goods are what they proclaim themselves to be. The Institute of Hygiene accorded their certificate for purity, quality, and merit, in 1916, to the Jaeger Company. They say in their report that for constantly maintaining a high level in all their productions, in making as well as composition of their clothing, the Jaeger Company is to be relied upon in every way. It is light and suitable for wear in the tropics; it is light and durable, and is extra warm and soft for cold weather. There is nothing in sports and

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You are apt to have a poor time of it in the North if you do not provide yourself with weather-proof garments. It is not that the climatic conditions are bad; it is that you can so little gauge them. Even old inhabitants up here say that changes are so sudden there is no being upsides with them. You may start an expedition on a warm, genial morning, and in two hours be in a chill Scottish mist. Therefore, those of us who have stout Burberrys are best off. Wet fails to penetrate them, but you are not weighed down by saturation if rain does descend in torrents—it rolls off a Burberry like water off a duck's back. One of the many charms of this kind of weather-proof garment is that you can look smart and well-turned-out in it after it has protected you from a storm, and so you feel it a real friend in shine and rain.

A Parade of Autumn Fashions.

At the present moment Fashion is busying herself with thoughts of the daintiest modes, destined to be worn at forthcoming gaieties of the season, and many striking effects are to be seen in some of the West-End stores. Last week a very distinctive "Parade of Autumn Fashions" was held at Gooch's, in the Brompton Road, which was largely attended and much appreciated. The salons were brilliant with exquisite Paris and Gooch models. An all-black evening creation in charmeuse and georgette, fashioned with long and full sleeves, is a Gooch gown worthy of admiration. Dance frocks seemed to be a special feature, and becoming models were shown in a variety of shades. Other items included day gowns, tailored suits, winter coats, theatre wraps, and a variety of juvenile wear; and for those who are deliberating as to ideas and choice it would be advantageous to pay an early visit to Gooch's at Brompton Road.

Brighter London owes yet another debt to the Savoy Hotel, which has redecorated its large ball-room for the Autumn and Supper Season, and is providing all the facilities for charming nights' entertainments. Prominent amongst these must be named the bands—three of them: the Havana, under the direction of Messrs. Ralton and King, of the Ziegfeld Follies; the Columbians; and the Savoy Dance Orchestra. The Columbians play in the foyer during supper-time; the others in the ball-room. The abolition of jazz is the note of the moment, and harmony and melody reign once more under the care of musicians who are all soloists.

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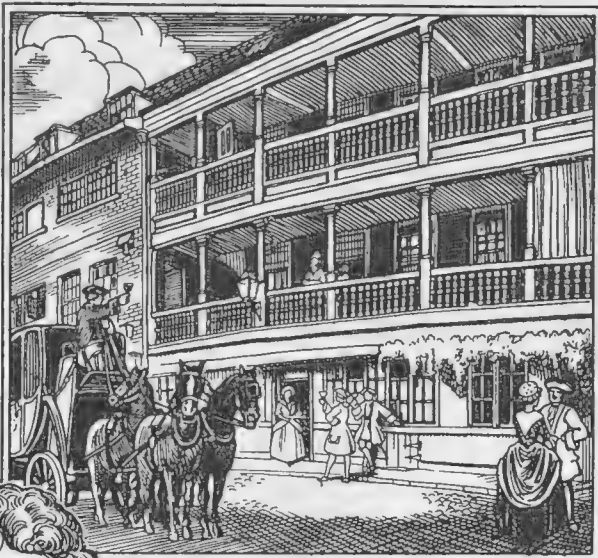
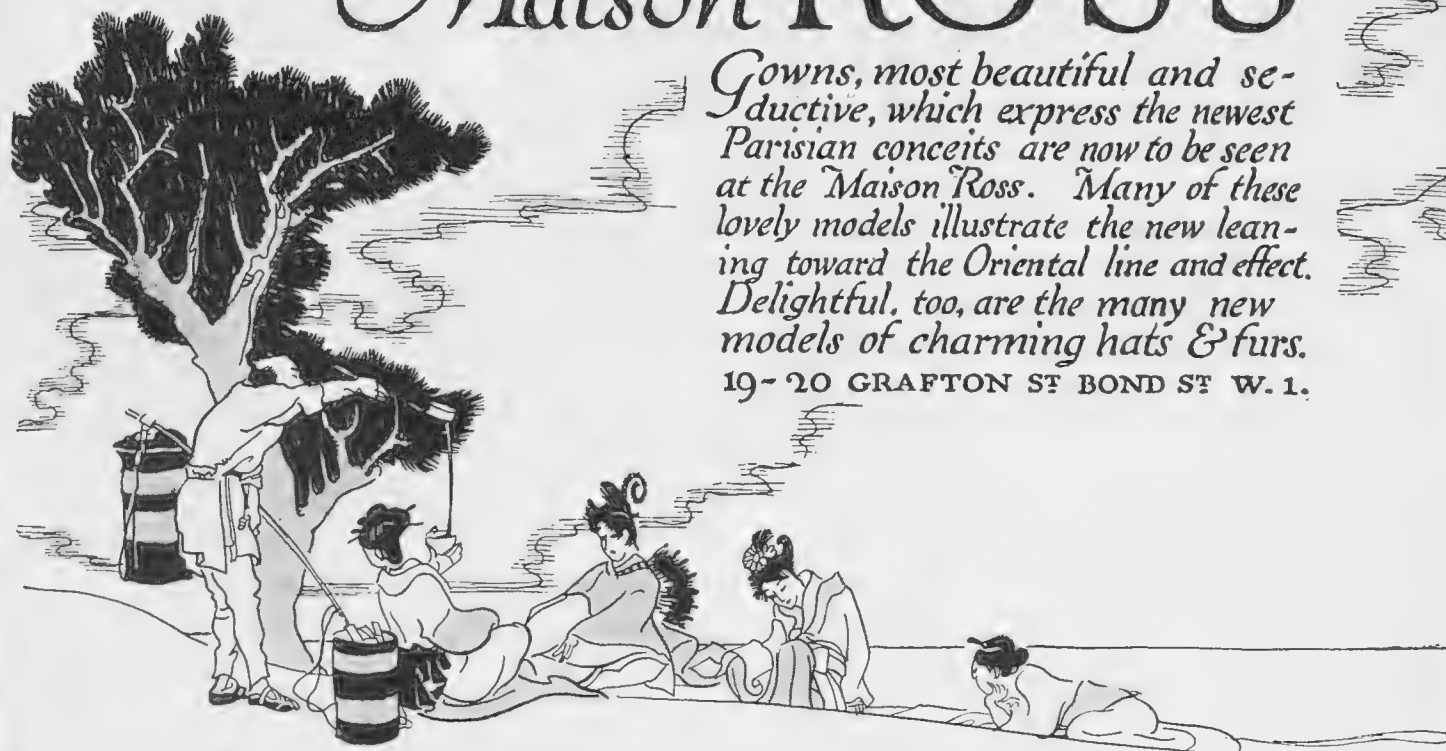
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Dainty PRINCESS PETTICOAT made in good quality Jap Silk, trimmed fine lace and hemstitching.

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Sent on approval.



CITY NOTES.

THE BANK RATE.

TREASURY Bills on offer at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the Bank Rate, at the time of writing, $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., would at any time be a very remarkable state of affairs, but under present conditions, it is little short of a scandal.

Unemployment and bad trade have assumed such proportions that the Government are at their wits' end to know how to handle the situation. Inflation, doles, huge schemes of relief work, guarantees of foreign creditors, good, bad and indifferent, are all being tried or suggested, while the natural and normal remedy of cheap money is denied to the country. We do not suggest that even a large reduction of the Bank Rate would immediately rectify the position, but it would do much to help it. For months past the official rate has been maintained at an absolutely unjustifiable height, and it is time that an alteration was made. God forbid that we should ever advocate Government control of anything, least of all banking; but the directors of the Bank of England have only themselves to thank if many people feel that anything would be better than present conditions. Our whole currency system has been altered with those of most of the rest of the world; and while the principles of sound finance remain unchanged and unchanging, the rules which should govern their application are no longer the same as they were in the days when the Bank Rate could attract foreign balances and prevent the efflux of gold.

If those who control the Bank of England are so far out of touch with modern conditions and requirements that the whole country is to be penalised, it is high time that they made way for others who are not so blinded by the dust and cobwebs of tradition and declining years.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Pushing his way past a waiter stationed at the top of the steps, Our Stroller calmly entered the Stock Exchange and—was promptly spotted.

In less time than he knew how it was all happening, he found himself the centre of a joyous and welcoming throng, which increased in numbers at what seemed, to him, to be at the rate of five hundred men per second.

First he tried to get out of the crowd in this direction; then in that. Somehow or other, each attempt was foiled. Quite politely, but effectively. Then he began to get hustled; by some odd process, the pressure came from the fringes of the ring; those men nearest to him were unable to help what he afterwards described as "barging." Again he essayed to escape. The noise grew louder every moment.

"Don't go!"

"We're just beginning to love you!"

"Fourteen hundred!"

"Does your mother—"

By this time, Our Stroller's hat had disappeared. He saw it, however, high in the air against a neighbouring pillar. A strong arm clutched his own: a waiter took him in tow and forced an ungentle way to the door. There were shouts of mocking laughter, snatches of "Bubbles," his hat somehow came back, and the pair of men stood panting on the top of the steps again.

"That way down, Sir, if you please," said the waiter courteously, as he brushed his ruffled, gold-braided silk hat. "I expect you are not aware that only members are admitted."

"What about their clerks?" demanded Our Stroller, but he was swept down into the street and stood meditating wrathful revenge against the Stock Exchange and all that therein is.

A very little man bustled up to him. "Anything in Rubber Trusts?" he asked briskly. "I'm a small dealer."

"Why dwell on the obvious?" snapped Our Stroller, still smarting, within and without. "Anyone can see that for himself."

The other looked at him with undisguised astonishment, and then replied—

"Oh, I thought at first you were a member. Thanks for undeceiving me," and off he marched with his nose tilted in the air.

"Serves you right," Our Stroller told himself severely. "If you can't be—"

"—at least eighteen months," said a voice near by. "The Springs Mines have made a discovery that will revolutionise new extensions, and all new mines, on the Transvaal. But nobody cares a button."

"They will do, later on, when people begin to take an interest in Kaffirs again. The market is too dead for such news to have any effect now, but just you wait until things wake up."

"I understand that the new method won't make any great difference to existing companies."

"Not to their present plants. Too costly to scrap, I take it. Still, the Springs engineers have deserved well of the whole Rand, and I'm glad their experiments have turned out successfully. What an excitement there would have been had the market been good at the time the news came out."

"Rather! As it is, people are taking more interest in Rubber shares than in Kaffirs."

"Much more interest. Although there's not a great deal of trade in the Rubber Market, you know. Are you doing anything in Mincing Lane, Josephus?"

[Continued overleaf.]

ECONOMY

in private and public is the text of a thousand exhortations.

You can practise what they preach by **CUTTING DOWN YOUR ELECTRIC LIGHT BILL**

And the way to economise is to instal **Lamps that are Reliable, Durable and consume a minimum of Electric current.**

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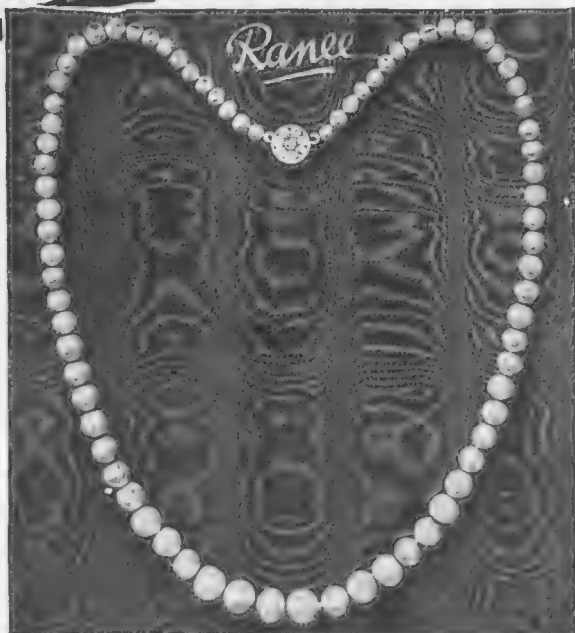
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girl in good quality fawn corduroy
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Size for 2 years.	Price	94/6
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HAT of velveteen to match, trimmed
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Women all over the world have adopted them. Authorities on fashion endorse them.

The new methods are embodied in a series of fascinating lessons on dressmaking, tailoring and millinery.
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More than 100,000 members of the Woman's Institute now know the rules that govern fashion. Thus they
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(Continued.)

"Just a little. More than we were. Which is something."

"Yes; it's next to nothing," a House man chaffed. "People can't get the Rubber shares because the owners won't part. And you never have a good market unless there are plenty of shares to supply the demand. Without that, business is merely a—a—"

"Matter of negōsh," finished another man. "Just negotiating between a possible buyer and a reluctant seller."

"It's the same with a good many other things round the House. What you want, you can't buy. What you're a seller of, nobody wants."

"Business is absurdly bound-round with these ridiculous Treasury restrictions upon all dealing except for cash. If it weren't for these—"

Our Stroller happened to look up the steps leading to the main door of the House. The coast was clear. Six bounds, a sharp turn to the right, and in a twinkling he stood within the Foreign Market.

He leaned both arms upon the desk and pretended to read the paper which he found there.

Two men, evidently partners, were discussing National War Bonds. Their talk ran on a hundred of one, and a couple of fifties of two other Series. From what Our Stroller could overhear of their quiet conversation, he made out that an exchange could be a profitable transaction, allowing for commission and the market turn, if holders cared to take the trouble to go into the matter.

"But, of course," concluded one of the brokers, picking up his jobbing-book, "the margin is so fine that it's only in a line of stock that the straddle is worth while. And—"

"—actually got the money," another man was emphatically urging. "Mexico has actually got the money in hand for payment of the coupons. How? Why, largely out of the oil tax, naturally. Mexico is bound to come right again. It's a dead certainty."

"Same old tale we've so often heard before. Fed up—"

"Yes, yes. But one of these days the coupons will be paid. People do not realise the marvellous manner in which Mexico is going ahead this very day. They say I'm an optimist, but—"

"You're only a bond-holder, eh?"

"But it's right to have anything Mexican! I only wish I could make you see what is so clear to me. I've seen many strange things in my life, but only one stranger—"

Our Stroller, at that word, slewed round upon his heel and vanished like a mist before the sun.

JOTTINGS.

The 5½ per cent. Treasury Bonds at 97, repayable 1929, will be withdrawn before these notes appear and be replaced by a new issue at 98 per

cent. It is a refreshing change to find that conditions enable the price of a Government security to be raised, and should do something towards restoring confidence among investors.

British Glass Industries must be added to the long list of companies floated in the boom period which have failed to justify themselves. The latest report is far from encouraging, and, what is more, the accounts are presented in such a form as successfully to prevent anybody learning what is the true position. We are not optimistic as to the future.

The County of London Electric Supply Company's 7 per cent. Debentures was a most attractive issue.

The schedule of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill is raising a storm of protest in the chemical trade. It includes articles which are not being manufactured at all in England, and one, at least, for which we cannot obtain the raw material. As a contribution towards solving the unemployment problem it is even more tragical than farcical.

Friday, Sept. 30, 1921.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2, and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. R.—(1) 1927. (2) Yes, deducted at source; but you can, of course, recover in the ordinary way if you are liable for less than the full rate.

MINORIES.—We cannot advise on a legal question of this sort.



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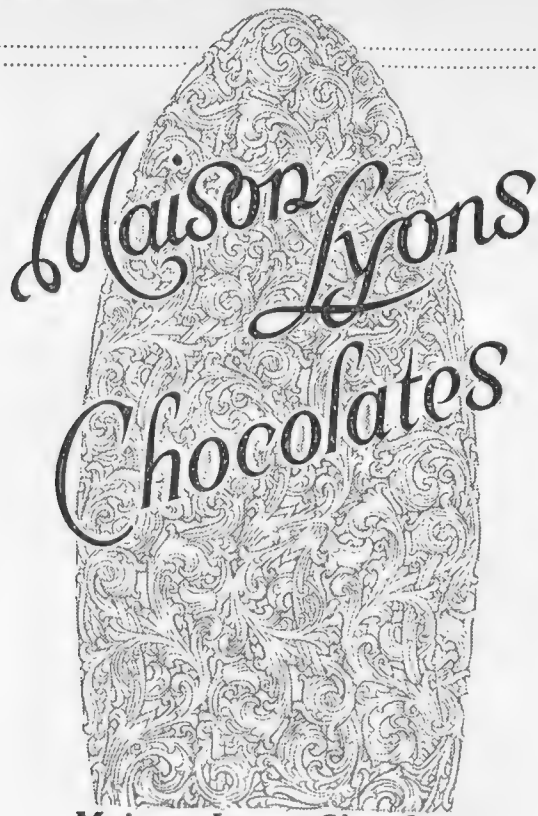
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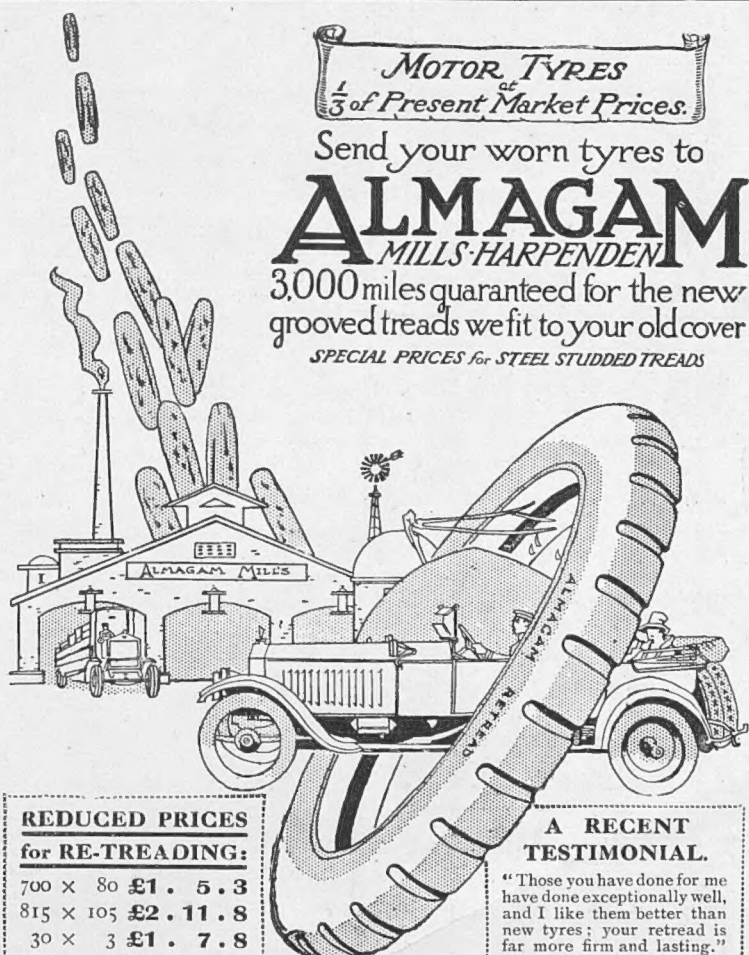
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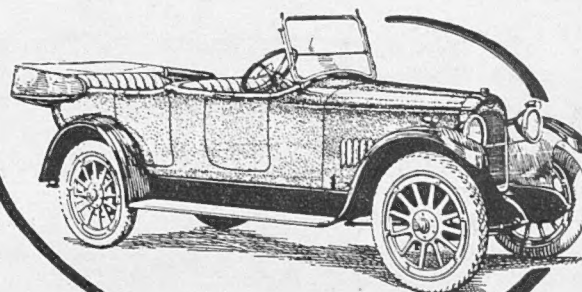
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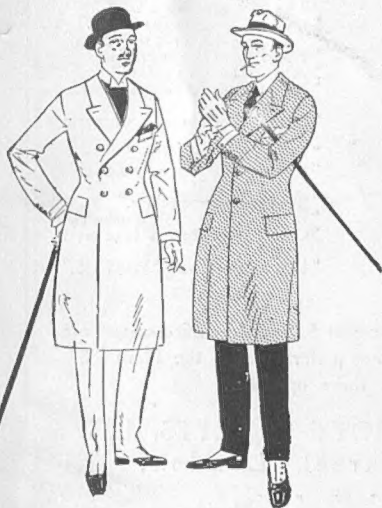
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